

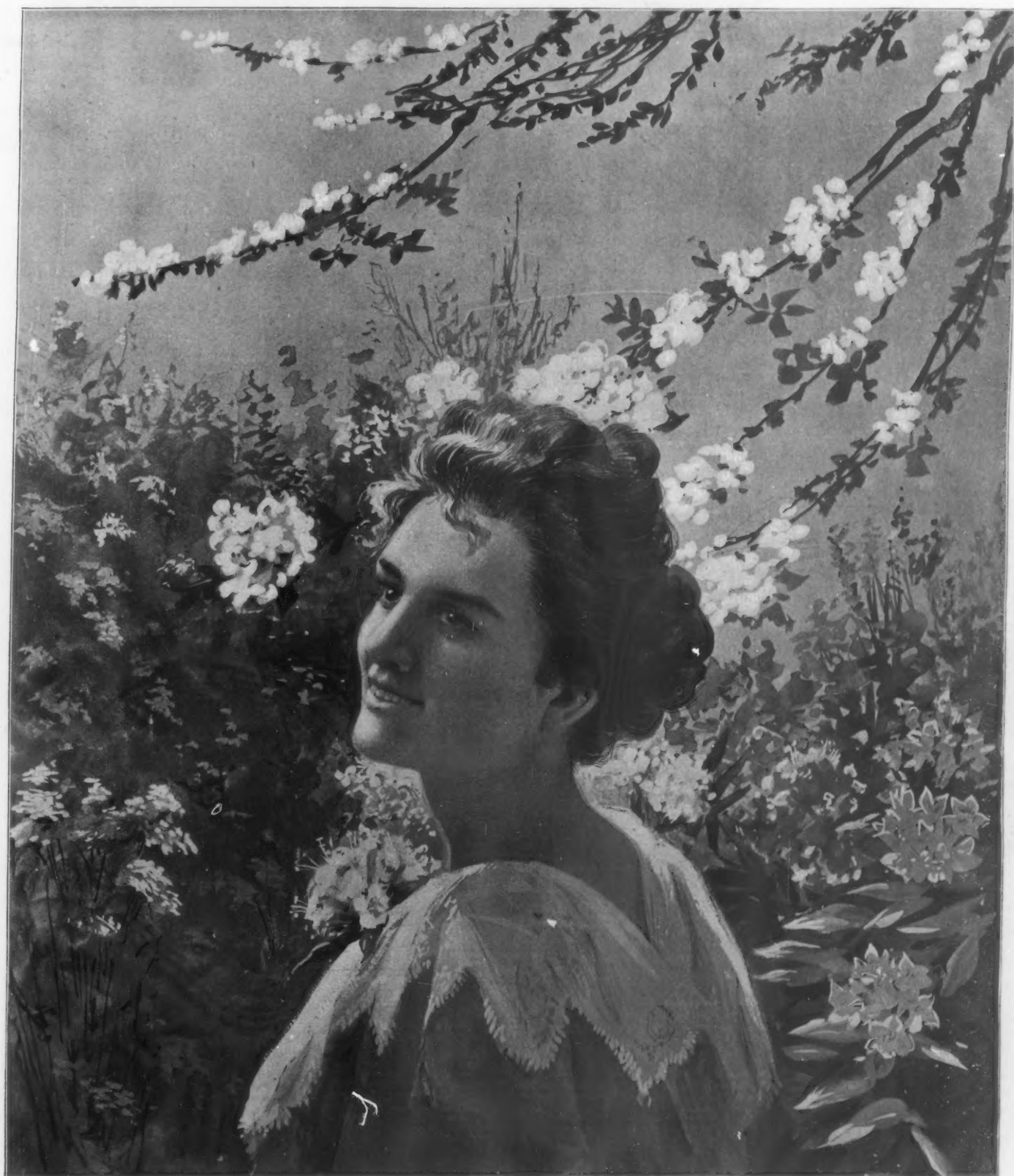
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XIX.—No. 8.
Copyright, 1897, by PETER FENELON COLLIER.
All rights reserved.

NEW YORK, MAY 27, 1897.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



JUNE.



221-247 West Thirtieth Street,
218-224 West Fourteenth Street,
NEW YORK CITY

TERMS:

COLLIER'S WEEKLY and THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY, one year, and choice of any set of premium books, including:
Ralph's "Human Comedy,"
Sue's "Wandering Jew," in five volumes, with Dore illustrations,
"Life of the Great Napoleon,"
"Capitals of the Globe,"
"Milton's Paradise Lost," or "Dante's Inferno" \$6.50
In Canada including British Columbia and Manitoba, freight and duty on premium books prepaid \$7.50
COLLIER'S WEEKLY and Premium Books, exclusive of Library \$5.00
In Canada (including British Columbia and Manitoba), freight and duty on premium books prepaid \$6.00

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY, without the newspaper, twenty-six numbers per year, \$4.50
Single copies of THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY25

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to renew for another year.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should COLLIER'S WEEKLY fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, COLLIER'S WEEKLY Building, No. 523 W. 13th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "COLLIER'S WEEKLY." Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

All correspondents sending us short stories, poems or other contributions will be expected to keep copies thereof, as the publisher and proprietor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY declines to be held responsible for their return. However, in all cases where stamps are enclosed for return postage the proprietor will endeavor to comply with the requests.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1897.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

WHEN Major McKinley became President, he found himself confronted by extraordinary conditions as regards the Federal civil service. By an order made by his predecessor, made after the latter had failed to secure a nomination for a third term at Chicago or even to obtain an indorsement of his administration, the number of government employees controlled by the civil service examinations had been more than doubled; that is to say, it had been raised at a stroke from less than 43,000 to upward of 87,000. In view of the peculiar circumstances under which the change was made, and of its obvious purpose nearly to extinguish the authority of the Executive over its subordinates, much pressure has been brought to bear upon the President to rescind the act of his predecessor. Many influential Senators and Representatives belonging to the Republican party have urged him to take the following steps with a view to widening the field within which appointments can be based upon personal fitness for a particular office rather than upon educational acquirements. They have advocated, first, the abolition of the rule allowing the reinstatement of government employees without examination only within one year from the date of their dismissal; secondly, the exception from examination of all chiefs of divisions, superintendents, and foremen, and all officials whose duties are of an executive character; and, thirdly, the issuance of a general order annulling all extensions of the classified service which have been made since the close of Harrison's administration. It is understood that President McKinley is giving careful attention to the law bearing on his power to reverse the proceedings of his predecessor.

While the people are awaiting with interest the decision of the present Chief Magistrate concerning a matter of great moment, they will find it worth while to review the history of the so-called reform of the Federal civil service, and to mark by what a series of encroachments the existing law upon the subject has been warped from its original purpose. We are much mistaken if a candid exposition of the facts does not convince unbiased men that the Federal legislature would do wisely eventually to adopt some such solution of the problem as has been embodied for the State of New York in the new civil service law lately signed by Governor Black, whereby applicants for office are first examined and marked for educational qualifications on a scale of fifty by a civil service board, and are afterward examined and

marked on a scale of fifty for personal fitness by the appointing power. Under this plan, while reasonable heed is paid to educational acquirements, the question of personal suitability plays a large if not a decisive part in the selection of employees.

Before recalling the manner in which the present civil service law found a place upon the statute book, it may be well to dispel an impression generally current, that employees of the Federal government cannot now be removed except for cause which must be stated, and that, if no cause be stated, or if one be stated and not substantiated, a reinstatement must follow as a matter of course. For this impression there is no foundation. As a matter of fact, there are but two sections in the civil service law which touch removals at all. Section 11 provides that "no clerk or employee shall solicit or receive or be in any manner concerned in soliciting or receiving any assessment, subscription or contribution for any political purpose whatever from any officer, clerk or employee of the United States." Section 13 provides that "no officer or employee of the United States shall discharge, promote or degrade or in any manner change the official rank or compensation of any other officer or employee for giving, or withholding, or neglecting to make, any contribution for any political purpose." If it can be shown that there has been a violation of either of these two sections the proper law officers of the government may prosecute and secure a conviction. The Civil Service Commission has no power over the matter. The onus or burden of proof is on the complaining employee to demonstrate a violation. This is all there is in the law about removals. There is not a word in it prohibiting dismissals for political reasons. Any rule made with a view of reaching such a case would be *ultra vires* and of no force. In the forum of ethics, indeed, an employee dismissed without any misconduct or delinquency on his part, may have a moral right to reinstatement, but legal right he has none. The current impression, which we have shown to be false, and which was, undoubtedly, derived from the inordinate pretensions of the Civil Service Commission in its reach after power, has not unnaturally led in many quarters to the exhibition of refractory conduct or demeanor on the part of employees, if not to the reluctant and perfunctory performance of duty, shortcomings which would not have occurred but for the misconception of the power possessed by superior officers over their subordinates.

Another mistaken impression should at the outset be corrected. It has been repeatedly asserted and is widely believed that the "merit" or competitive system now in operation has for the first time prevented wholesale dismissals of government employees upon every change of administration. This is not true. Wholesale dismissals never occurred. Before the enactment of the civil service law a very considerable percentage of the office holders were always retained. Nor is it true, as the public has been told, that previously to the passage of the present law there were no examinations to ascertain educational capacity and general fitness. Section 164 of the revised Federal statutes reads as follows: "No clerk shall be appointed in any department in either of the four classes above designated until he has been examined and found qualified by a board of three examiners, to consist of the chief of the bureau or office into which such clerk is to be appointed, and two other clerks, to be selected by the head of the department." The original statute upon which this section is based was enacted in 1853, just thirty years before the Civil Service Commission was established. The statute was enforced by the heads of departments, and under it no clerks were appointed who had not passed an examination and been adjudged properly qualified. Satisfactory results were reached under that system, and we understand that the bill introduced in the Senate by Senator Allen proposes a return to it.

Was there anything novel or original in the cry of "civil service reform" when it was started in this country some thirty years ago? On the contrary, it was but the echo of a clamor already very old. Mr. Jenckes, the pioneer of the modern movement in the House of Representatives, took his stand in 1866-67 upon a public sentiment which by long and tedious effort had been at length brought to the point of declaring in favor of the reformation of certain abuses. Even England's present civil service system did

not take firm root until 1870-71. There is no doubt that Mr. Jenckes, in the thirty-ninth, fortieth, and forty-first Congresses, expended a good deal of mental force and all of his political strength, on the attempt to secure a reform of the civil service. We say all of his political strength, because he went down to disastrous political defeat in his State at the close of his labors. He was an enthusiast, but not the less was he to a large extent a mere copier of Benton's and Calhoun's reports on the same subject, made respectively in 1826 and 1835. Even the use of the word "reform" was not original; the term was applied just as assiduously during the administrations of J. Q. Adams and Andrew Jackson by politicians for the purpose of securing, first, Jackson's election and then of excusing his removals from office, as the modern civil service reformers have used it to plant the "competitive" idea upon the statute book. Mr. Thomas H. Benton in 1826 secured a "select committee on executive patronage" under cover of a desire to reform the civil service. He and his friends pretended to believe that the ship of state was about to go to pieces on the rock of "patronage," and danger fires were lighted on every hilltop. The cry went up that the President (then J. Q. Adams) had too much power; the contemporary civil service reformer tells us that the average Senator or Representative has too much influence. Jackson's adherents wanted their man and their principles and policy to prevail, and to that end they rang the tocsin of civil service reform. Jackson came to power in 1829, and six years later Clay and Calhoun combined and had a select committee on civil service reform appointed. Clay, of course, was an outright political opponent; Calhoun, although a Democrat, had fallen out of the line of Democratic succession because of his stand on nullification, so that he also desired to punish Jackson. The wording of the Calhoun-Clay resolution was so noticeably like that of the Jenckes resolution in 1866-67 that the derivation of the latter seems unmistakable. A cursory examination of the documents will convince the most skeptical that the civil service reformers of 1866-83 drew their inspiration as to the alleged necessity of civil service reform in this country from the reports made by Benton in 1826-27, and by Clay and Calhoun in 1835-36. The Calhoun-Clay report asserted that honest and capable men were dismissed to make room for the base and corrupt; that the offices were made the spoil of victory, the reward of partisan service, and the means of substituting man-worship for patriotism. To these allegations the reformers of 1866-83 added but two charges; namely, that the civil service as a whole was inefficient, and that the importunity of constituents was exasperating to their representatives in Congress. Benton met the attack of 1835 by averring that it proceeded from political animosity and was unfounded; that the charges emanated from barnacles who had been removed by Jackson. Calhoun pointed out to Benton that the latter's position was inconsistent with the language of his own report in 1826, when Benton and his friends were assailing Adams. The point made by the South Carolina Senator was undoubtedly well taken. Moreover, Cyrus Wright, of New York, than whom the Republic has never produced a more upright and pure-minded statesman, made sport of the fears expressed in the Clay-Calhoun report leveled at Jackson. Speaking from the floor of the Senate he said: "How are most of these office-holders appointed? Upon the recommendations and petitions of the American people themselves; upon certificates of character, respectability and moral worth, made by those who are neighbors and friends of the candidate, who know him personally and intimately; and most usually on the recommendation of the Representative of the person appointed. Are we, then, to assume that offices are bestowed as rewards for partisan service without respect to merit?" It is pointed out by Mr. E. Ham, in a pamphlet to which all students of this subject are much indebted, that William L. Marcy's well-known remark which the champions of civil service reform are so fond of quoting, the remark that "to the victors belong the spoils," contained as originally uttered a very essential appendage which is habitually suppressed. Mr. Marcy added, "but I do not mean to say that the victors should plunder their own camp." The qualification refutes the construction generally placed on the first part of the original remark. The critics of the

present civil service, as it has been abnormally distended by Mr. Cleveland, maintain that, while the political party which succeeds at a general election has a right to the offices in order to enforce its policy and principles upon the country, it will not plunder its own camp; on the contrary, its appointees will be necessarily men of character, honesty, and merit, not only that they may best serve the public interests, but in order that they may accomplish the partisan purpose contemplated. In the very nature of things the best and strongest men would be appointed by a Chief Magistrate qualified to act for his party and his country. No political party will "plunder its own camp" and endanger its tenure of power by the selection of dishonest, corrupt, or inefficient persons to hold office in time of peace.

To recur to the history of the present civil service system: for five years, namely from 1866 to 1871, the House of Representatives persistently refused to make any change in the traditional methods of appointment. At last, however, the "competitive" idea got hitched on as a "rider" to a Sundry Civil Appropriation bill during the last hours of the session which began December, 1870. The motion to lay the rider on the table escaped defeat in the Senate by one vote, and it was accepted in the House only by a minority vote, though, of course, the minority constituted the majority of those present and voting. The scheme is known as section 1,753 of the revised statutes and remains in force. It thrust upon President Grant a responsibility which he did not desire and in a form which he did not suggest. The President had felt the pressure of "importunity" and wished to get relief therefrom, but the chief evil in his mind was the carelessness evinced by Senators and Representatives in recommending persons for place, a carelessness, perhaps, which had been almost inevitable during the war. In December, 1870, President Grant had said that in mercantile pursuits "the business man, who gives a letter of recommendation to a friend to enable him to obtain credit from a stranger, is regarded as morally responsible for the integrity of his friend and his ability to meet his obligation. A reformatory law which would enforce that principle against all indorsers of persons for public place would insure great caution in making recommendations." Obviously there was no "competitive" idea conveyed in that suggestion; there was not even a proposal that Congress should erect safeguards against "importunity" on the part of their constituents. All the President said was that in some way Senators and Representatives should be made morally responsible for the persons recommended by them.

The scheme, however, had obtained a footing, such as it was. The original law of 1871, the so-called Trumbull bill, provided that: "The President is authorized to prescribe such regulations for the admission of persons into the civil service of the United States as may best promote efficiency and ascertain the fitness of each candidate in respect to age, character, knowledge, and ability for the branch of the service he seeks to enter; for this purpose he may employ suitable persons to conduct such inquiries and may prescribe their duties and establish regulations for the conduct of persons who may receive appointments in the civil service." After the passage of that act came the zealous efforts of the reformers to prepare rules and regulations, to make the scheme subserve their theories. These efforts failed and the "competitive" idea collapsed in 1875-76. President Grant said distinctly in his message of December, 1875, that "if Congress adjourns without positive legislation on the subject of civil service reform, I shall regard such action as a disapproval of the system, and shall abandon it. Competitive examinations will be abandoned." Congress did adjourn without positive action, and "civil service reform" practically came to grief, inasmuch as President Grant suspended the rules.

It was not until 1882 that a second attempt was made to reform the civil service. In that year a bill containing the "competitive" idea was introduced by Mr. Pendleton in the Senate. The principal feature of the ensuing debate was expressed in the question: "Is not 'importunity' the great evil against which we have to contend?" That had been undoubtedly the thought underlying the Trumbull bill which was passed in 1871. The object of the Senators on both occasions was relief against the importunities of

office-seekers. The "competitive" scheme would throw all the minor office hunters upon the civil service commission. It was not that in the minds of Senators "competitive" examinations were necessary: From their point of view, competition would only furnish the machinery which would attain the other desired result, to wit, relief from importunity. As late as April 7, 1896, Senator Vilas, after asserting that civil service reform had rendered government employees more efficient, acknowledged in the Senate the real purpose of the law, so far as the Federal legislature were concerned, when he said: "The relief which has been enjoyed by Senators and Representatives, not to speak of those intrusted with the offices of the government, is in itself a second item of great consequence." It may be of great consequence to a Senator to be able to turn down a constituent with the leverage of a law of his own creation, but the Senator who gloried in it has been himself turned down.

That the present law was enacted simply as an experiment admits of no doubt, and it is equally certain that the American people are about ready to dispense with it unless it is materially modified. In its incessant reach for power, the Federal civil service machine, starting with a jurisdiction over 13,924 employees, had obtained control of 15,573 by March 4, 1885. In 1889 it had gained control of 27,330. By 1893 the number had run up to 42,928. When Mr. Cleveland last went out of office, the number was over 87,000. It is well-known that departments were "blanketed" under Mr. McKinley's predecessor to such an extent in the reach for jurisdiction that farmers and blacksmiths on Indian reservations, and employees in saw-mills, nay, even cooks, are said to come within the rules. In truth, a doubt has arisen whether there are enough places "excepted" to satisfy the very few remaining applicants for office from the State of Ohio. To exemplify the state of things resulting from the existing civil service system, we may mention that when the River and Harbor bill was before the Senate on May 8, 1896, it was proposed to insert an amendment allowing the army engineer to select his subordinates employed on public work in order to insure the proper execution of his designs. It was found that even those persons had been placed under civil service rules. So far, indeed, has been pushed the jurisdiction of the Civil Service Commission that it has absorbed the deputies of the chief pension pay agent, who are men intrusted with funds, but who, as being appointed under the civil service law, are not responsible to their superior officer, although he himself is under heavy bonds. The same thing is true of deputy collectors who collect and handle the funds of United States Collectors of Internal Revenue, although the latter are under bonds.

What, as a matter of fact, has the "competitive" scheme or experiment amounted to? Has it kept men in place? Have they been removed or forced to resign, only because of incompetence? Nobody would dream of replying in the affirmative. If, on the other hand, they have been removed from the service for political reasons, what becomes of the law? Under Mr. Grosvenor's resolution, Secretary Carlisle reported to the House, January 11, 1897, that from March 3, 1893, to October 31, 1896, he had removed 1,123 persons in the Treasury Department and had reduced 418; that 669 had resigned, and 615 had been promoted, and 1,870 appointed. Among those removed were 169 ex-Union soldiers. That is about as good a record as could have been made under the "spoils" system. The late Secretary of the Interior reported to the House on January 9, 1897, that between March 4, 1893, and the date of his report, there had been in his department 415 removals, 541 resignations, 668 reductions, 1,029 appointments, and 1,367 promotions. Of the removals and resignations 305 were ex-Union soldiers. Mr. Morton, then Secretary of Agriculture, under date of February 8, 1897, reported that during his term of office up to January 15, 1897, he had removed 1,116 persons, reduced 189, and promoted 1,059. Of ex-Union soldiers he had removed 117, reduced 36, and appointed 75. Mr. Lamont, Secretary of War, reported that between March 4, 1893, and January 11, 1897, he had removed 303 persons, reduced 267, appointed 187, and promoted 315. Of those removed (outside of the Record and Pension offices) 46 were ex-Union soldiers. Including with these returns those of the Postmaster-General and the Secretary of the Navy,

we find that 4,375 persons were removed and forced to resign from the offices held by them in Washington during Mr. Cleveland's second administration. Are we to assume that so large a number of persons could be found efficient by President Harrison, and inefficient by his successor? Every one of these persons had been appointed under the civil service system. What then are we to infer touching the efficiency of civil service appointees? If these removed persons were not inefficient we can only infer that they were put out of the way by Mr. Cleveland for political reasons. On whichever ground the 4,375 persons were removed the civil service law stands confessed a fraud and a delusion. In its eleventh report the Civil Service Commission practically admits that the law is a sham for the reason that it "does not regulate dismissals from the service." It goes on to say that dismissals will go on "until there is a requirement of law or rule that not only shall the reasons for dismissal be made a matter of record, but that the person dismissed shall have an opportunity to be heard." In other words, the appointing power having been already confined to three men constituting the civil service board, it is now proposed to limit the power of dismissal also, except for cause to be stated which would call for a trial by a court and for judiciary power. Mr. Cleveland, as we have said, during his last term of office more than doubled the number of employees placed under the civil service rules, but even he protested and rebelled when the Civil Service Commission endeavored to browbeat him into compelling reasons for removal to be filed. He pointed out that: "The theory of the statute itself is such that the power of removal should not be interfered with, nor in any manner regulated except by defining the manner of filling vacancies caused by removal." He went on to declare that the proposed rule would be tantamount to a limitation on the power to remove at all.

It has been suggested, as we began by saying, that a remedy for the present congested state of things might be found in the suspension by the President of some of the orders extending the civil service laws. Perhaps it would be better for Congress to relieve the President of a responsibility which the two Houses who passed the law placed upon his shoulders, and proceed themselves to make material changes in the law. Mr. Grosvenor's movements, followed by those in the Senate on the part of Mr. Gallinger and Mr. Allen, have attracted much attention, and the replies to Mr. Grosvenor's House resolutions have placed before Congress a great deal of valuable information concerning removals, resignations, reductions, transfers, and appointments. All the details, indeed, are not yet forthcoming, but these will probably be found among the mass of accumulated and accumulating correspondence sent to him and to Senators, and the remainder ought to be secured from rigid "competitive" examinations of those who enforce the civil service law as well as of those who have suffered under its operation. Meanwhile, it will do Federal legislators no harm to examine carefully the bill mentioned by us at the outset which has passed the legislature of the Empire State and which has been signed by Governor Black. This act provides, we repeat, that the "merit" (by which is meant educational attainments) of all applicants shall be determined by the civil service commissioners or examining boards. Under examinations for "merit," however, "no rating higher than fifty per cent shall be given to any person." Secondly, the "fitness" (by which is meant uprightness, trustworthiness, discretion, judgment, experience and skill) of applicants is to be determined by "examinations to be conducted by the person or persons holding the power of appointment or promotion," and the rating in this case shall not exceed fifty per cent. Thirdly, applicants "shall be preferred for appointment and promotion according to their standing ascertained by adding together the rating for merit and rating for fitness." Lastly, "all existing eligible lists for appointment or promotion in the State or City of New York are made null and void in one month after the passage of the act." It will be manifest to any man who scrutinizes the provisions of this law that hereafter in the Empire Commonwealth the appointing power will have a little something to say about the persons who are to hold offices. Why should not the same thing be true of the appointing power under the Federal government?



VIEW OF RUINS SHOWING CHARRED REMAINS



THE PARIS FIRE THE RUINS



THE CINEMATOPHON WHICH STARTED THE FIRE



START OF THE FIRE THE PANIC



THE WAR IN GREECE. ARMING GREEK VOLUNTEERS IN LARISSA



EDHEM PACHA GENERAL OF THE TURKISH FORCES



M. RALLI THE NEW GREEK PREMIER



THE GRÆCO TURKISH WAR - GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF MATI AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT OLYMPUS

STEEPLECHASING AT MORRIS PARK.



THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HARBERTON,
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

ABOUT this time look out for reports that the American navy is going on larks and junketing expeditions, for the Secretary of the Navy has been asked to let the North Atlantic Squadron go next fall to Portland, Me., where the New England Fair is to be held. It is only decent to say on the general subject that in all navies in time of peace it is custom, policy, and good sense for ships to make port at least once a month to give officers and men a short release from the close quarters of ship-board, and that it takes several days to give every man a few hours of "liberty." As Portland is a temperance town, there can be no carousing there. Besides, the people of Maine have paid their full share of the cost of our new navy, and they have the right to have a good look at the property at the time and place where many of them can best see it. Further, what the navy needs quite as much as ships and guns is the intelligent interest of the largest possible number of the American people, and as these cannot always go to the navy it is manners for the navy to go occasionally to the people. No time or money is wasted in such trips; it takes quite as much coal, work and discipline to take the fleet to Portland or any other port as to steam an equal distance off shore. Finally, the fleet is likely to go to Portland anyway, for the Secretary of the Navy was born in Maine, and the request for the fleet is signed by the chairman of the national Senate and House Naval Affairs Committees, the chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, the president pro tem. of the Senate, and the speaker of the House, all of whom chance to be Maine men, as well as close-fisted guardians of Uncle Sam's money, property and other interests. Evidently the occasion is not one on which to criticize the navy.

Sectional feeling in the United States is generally supposed to be caused entirely by political differences and suspicions, but the business world knows better. Nothing more sectional and narrow has ever appeared in print than certain newspaper articles on the possible decline of the shipping business at the great seaports of the Eastern States because of the improvements made at certain Southern ports. One would suppose, from the tenor of some of the articles alluded to, that New York had a constitutional, patented, copyrighted and otherwise assured monopoly of the right to ship American products to foreign countries, and that for Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore to try to obtain a share of this business is insolence, while for Galveston and New Orleans to take some of it is downright robbery. Meanwhile, most of the cities named are retorting in language which implies that New York is a conscienceless trade-grabber and that all other enterprising seacoast cities—except the one that is complaining for the time being, are quite as bad.

This quality of sectional feeling has not a single redeeming or palliating feature. Different sections of the country do not exist for the sole purpose of benefiting shippers and the trades dependent upon them; they exist for the benefit of their own inhabitants, whose servants the shippers are. Farmers and manufacturers everywhere have the right to increase the net receipts for their products by decreasing the expense of getting the said products to market; consequently for certain portions of the South and West there has been an increased profit, or reduced cost of getting products to market, since the deepening of the passes of the Mississippi have enabled large ships to reach New Orleans. Similarly and very recently the port of Galveston, which used to be accessible only to small ships, has now a deep seaward channel and is attracting much Europe-bound grain and cotton that used to be railroaded East, whereat New York, Boston and other Eastern ports are complaining, although there were times during the past year when none of them was equal to the shipping demands made upon it.

A new incentive to peace between nations is the effort that is being made to discover ways of making bullets more injurious to the human system. The newest army rifles of the more progressive nations carry a ball no thicker than a lead pencil, and it is now believed that such a ball will not disable a man unless it strikes a vital part. Britain has made haste to improve upon this merciful projectile by a modification which will cause the ball to upset on striking and thus increase the size of the wound, and other nations, including our own, are giving expert attention to the subject. To read some pages reporting experiments of this character is to make the average citizen hope that his government will keep a civil tongue in its head, for any coming wars will require large armies, and the average citizen will not easily escape being sent to the front and fired at.

The rapidity with which conditions change in the United States is one of the old stories that is frequently recalled by occurrences of the day. A few days ago Judson W. Lyons of Georgia, born a slave but now a prominent lawyer and a highly respected citizen who is influential in State and national politics, called on President McKinley to urge the appointment of General Longstreet as a Railroad Commissioner in place of General Hampton. As an esteemed contemporary says, "We have traveled very far in thirty-two years when the old slave can make such a plea for the old slaveholder against another old slaveholder, both of whom were generals in the Confederate Army, without provoking general comment."

Although the far Western States have done the most vigorous of recent complaining about hard times and business stagnation, there have been some pleasing reliefs from the general chorus. Recently there was a meeting of prominent business men of Montana—a State which sent some harrowing stories to the great political conventions last year; during the meeting the statement was made and not denied that in 1890 Montana produced more gold, silver, copper, cattle, sheep and farm products than in any of the years when everything was booming, and that the State's production of wealth in proportion to population is about double that of most States of the Union. The much-complaining

Western communities, except those in the rainless belt and where water cannot be had for irrigation, ought to esteem themselves the most fortunate in the land; nowhere but in them, in recent years, have many men been able to start with almost nothing and quickly become successful farmers, miners or merchants. They are envied all over the East, and the envy is intensified by the many visitors who bring back stories of their prosperity and independence.

Tennessee's Centennial Exposition, at Nashville, was complete in all details at the beginning of the third week, which is a rare record in the history of such enterprises. Eastern visitors who have returned are industriously searching for listeners, for they were agreeably disappointed by the Exposition itself, and they saw a country and a class of Americans that seemed to them entirely new, so little known is the country between the Ohio River and the Gulf States. They raise wonderful crops and wonder people down in Tennessee, and somehow succeed in not having as large a shiftless class as afflicts most of the older States. There is no portion of the country in which one can find the fine old Virginia stock of men and women so little unchanged by time and circumstance, nor any portion which people of the North, East and West are so likely to leave unvisited unless some attraction presents itself; hence our suggestion that every one who can should visit the Tennessee Exposition.

Has Chicago devised a new plan of municipal reform? Ordinarily when the people of a great city become disgusted and desperate over the excesses of its dangerous classes its better people nominate a "reform" ticket, vote for it, and, if they succeed, get their reforms fairly started only to have the Legislature or some other marplot block all the good intentions and tie the hands of the officials. At the last city election in Chicago it was believed that the dangerous classes in general and the gamblers in particular voted for the successful candidate for mayor. Now, however, the chief of police, by order of this same mayor, is closing all the gambling houses, pool rooms and policy shops, and even removing the thousands of "nickel-in-the-slot" machines that are used for gambling purposes. The announcement is made that this is no make-believe spasm of virtue, but that the gamblers are all to go and to remain away, and that the new mayor intends to make Chicago a law-abiding city. Whether the mayor was "playing double" while running for office, or has since been brought to a proper sense of his duties as citizen and executive, is of secondary consideration; the point of the matter is that it is a thousand times easier and cheaper—provided that the proper man can be found—to let a city's riff-raff elect a mayor who will reform of his own accord after election, or can be persuaded or hired to reform, than to organize an expensive campaign which may result in nothing but disappointment. The experiment might be made in some suffering cities without waiting for a new election, for to pay a lot of money to mayors who are "on the make"—pay them a special sum, in addition to salary, to abate nuisances, suppress the dangerous classes and in other ways do what their oaths of office require of them—could not be construed as bribery.

Already the Southern cotton-mill owners are learning that fortunes are easier ciphered out on paper than earned in business. Next to flour and salt no American product is in such steady and universal demand as cotton goods of the cheaper grade, yet the Southern cotton-mill men in convention recently adopted a resolution to lessen production of certain grades of cotton yarn twenty-five per cent in the coming four months, otherwise the spindle may keep too far ahead of the looms and put upon their owners' hands that most depressing variety of property, a "surplus stock." Cotton spinning in excess of consumption has been almost forced upon the South, for the makers of spinning machinery had comparatively small markets elsewhere, very few new mills being built at the North; it has needed only a little figuring by enterprising salesmen to show a large apparent profit in the business, although it has been a long time since the best-managed spinning-mills in New England cleared more than legal interest on their capital—and money in the South can be loaned at higher rates than most cotton-mills down there can pay in dividends. This does not imply that cotton-spinning down South is bad business; it means merely that it is a branch of manufacture that can be easily overdone until a larger foreign demand is created for American cotton goods.

The business, never entirely discontinued, of searching for Captain Kidd's buried treasure received a tremendous boom last week through the finding of a lot of old coins under a stone on a Long Island beach. It is generally believed that Kidd, who was commissioned and armed to chase pirates, did himself become a pirate and steal a lot of money, but the treasure-hunters are blackening his reputation still further by implying that he was a fool of the lowest order. Misers have been known to hide money so successfully that they alone knew where the precious stuff was, but pirate captains never were able to stow away their savings on the sly, for every member of their crews kept close watch on them. Besides, there was not much in the business in Kidd's day, for there were too many people among whom the plunder had to be divided—governors of States, mayors of cities, commanders of forts, etc.; that period of our colonial history was not specially creditable to some distinguished names ashore. There is but one safe rule in searching for Kidd's treasure along shore; it is to dig as close as possible to the water line, for then the digger may find enough clams to pay him for the time consumed.

New Jersey deserves credit for having devised a new form of taxation which will not be objected to by the persons who are to pay the tax. A new law provides that any man from another State who insists upon marrying a woman of New Jersey shall pay into the treasury of the State of the bride-elect the sum of one dollar. The only cause of wonder regarding the enactment is that the tax is so low; for men resolved upon marriage, like men who want to fight, are never known to let money stand in their way.

There is an oft-told story of a husband and wife who were roused at night by hearing some one moving about in their home. They were so poor that the house con-

tained next to nothing, yet the wife whispered "Thieves!" upon which the husband replied, "Keep quiet till we see if they've got anything; then we'll get up and take it away from them." This seems to be the method of action of some of our States toward the railroads. The latest and most radical railroad legislation is reported from Florida—a State which twenty years ago had only two railroads, but has since been abundantly supplied, to the immense gain and prosperity of almost the entire people. The Floridians put very little of their own money into the new roads; they "laid low" and allowed several corporations to spend all they would. Now that all probable construction is completed—there already having been more than pay expenses—they have perpetrated a new law which is said to place the whole railroad interest at the mercy of any demagogues or "strikers" who may get upon the State Railroad Commission. One result will be that when next Florida wishes a railroad, long or short, her own people will have to pay for it; but there is no consolation in this for the capitalists who have locked up not less than twenty-five millions of their own and other people's money in roads already constructed. Even a proposition to allow the companies to earn four per cent on the capital invested was voted down, and this in a State which owes the development of its most prosperous portion entirely to railroads and to capital from other States.

Americans as a body, whether in Florida or elsewhere, are not thieves, neither are they fools; but it is high time that they should begin to study the simple arithmetic of railroading, for the majority of law-makers, in Congress and State Legislatures, are too intent on retaining office to learn and practice more than their constituents believe. The actual receipts and expenditures of any road can easily be learned, and no one complains that any company pays higher wages than it should, or pays more than it must for supplies, or keeps its roadbed and rolling stock in better condition than is necessary. Half an hour devoted to the longest published reports of prices of stocks and bonds will show that but few of these securities can be sold at par. Railroad building has been overdone in many States, yet hundreds of sections need transportation facilities and are clamoring for them; the inhabitants are too poor to provide the necessary money, and capitalists are and will be entirely unwilling to come to the rescue unless there is a radical change in public sentiment regarding the railroad business. The provoking and depressing fact of the situation is that the supposed sentiment of the people on the subject is not original with the people, but was taken at second-hand from a lot of scatter-brained demagogues whose sole foundation of statement is that some railroad promoters have been rogues. One might as well abuse all of the Apostles because Judas was a thief and traitor.

The very large class that is "down on" capitalists of all descriptions will be delighted to learn that the iron ore trade is at present about as stagnant as ditch-water. The great sources of supply are now in Minnesota and elsewhere on the Great Lakes; they are controlled by Messrs. Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller and other millionaires, their appointments are perfect and their output can be sold profitably at prices that defy competition, scores of great iron mills are busy, yet little or no ore is being mined. The reason is merely that the supply is far in excess of the demand, and the surplus cannot be forced upon the market; there is less in it than in the surplus corn of the West, which can be sold if the owners will sell at a loss. The other side of the subject is that while the owners are getting no money out of their property there are thousands of miners out of work and wondering how they shall live until business picks up again. There is great glee whenever a capitalist is hit; no one seems to remember that such a blow compels a lot of poor workmen to suffer.

Slowly and not always safely the cultivating of the sugar beet is becoming a permanent farming interest in the United States—a country which consumes so much sugar that it must still get most of its raw material from abroad, although France and Germany and other back-number countries have fully or nearly met their home demand. Over here the trouble is that the farmer assumes that any kind of soil ought to produce anything that will grow from seed. There can be no doubt, however, that on proper soil, and within easy reach of a sugar mill, there is a handsome profit for the growers of sugar beets. One portion of California is paying beet-farmers at the rate of twenty-five dollars per acre clear profit, which is more than any one in other States makes on corn, wheat or cotton. This is a good year for experimenting everywhere, in a modest way, on sugar beet culture, for a small area will keep a sugar mill busy and the new tariff law will undoubtedly increase the duty on imported sugars and consequently help the beet-growers.

Occasional statistics that force attention to themselves show that some American products that are individually insignificant make together a large item of our export trade. For instance, we send abroad annually about five million fur skins, exclusive of Alaska seal-skins, and the selling price of these exceeds that of certain other products which are supposed to be in great demand abroad. We are one of the greatest of distilling nations, but all spirits and liquors exported do not equal the fur skins in value; neither do our wools and woolen goods sent abroad, nor our carriages, railroad cars and street cars, although the latter go to almost all countries. Our agricultural implements are universally acknowledged to be the best in the world, and the raw material for these is cheaper here than anywhere else, but even the total value of all of these exported exceeds but little the value of the fur skins.

A SERGEANT in a Volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed rifles to all the men, called out: "All you that are without arms hold up your hands!"

SET of 12 Portfolios, 16 full page photos each 13½ x 11, 192 pages in all, subject, "Beautiful Paris," edition cost \$100,000, given absolutely free with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to their customers. Write for particulars.

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE airship, after disappearing from the local press and several Western centers, is signaled from Berlin, where an Imperial Councilor has expounded before the



Polytechnic Society the beauties of a machine with steam propellers which he has fabricated after the image of the dragon. That is the kind of a thing the

world awaits. Of balloons we have had enough and to spare. Ever since the Montgolfier brothers sent up a contrivance of varnished paper filled with heated air and ascents began to be made, the possibility of aerial navigation was assumed to be within beck and call. That is over a hundred years ago. The balloon is no nearer solving it to-day than it was then. Experiments with the aeroplane have been equally unsuccessful. The problem consists in the discovery of a proper motor. If the gentleman in Berlin has solved it by means of steam propellers he deserves to be made a Durchlaucht and a Herzog, a Fürst and a Hohelt, particularly the latter. Highness is just the very title for him. If he hasn't he should be condemned to six months in a fortress for *Majestätsverbrechen*—for be-guiling our credulity and deceiving our hopes.

After the Horse Show served to us last autumn in the gloom of that arena in Madison Square which it would take several constellations in process of combustion to properly illuminate, the spectacle of the exhibition in Baltimore a fortnight ago suggested nothing so much as migration to another and to a serenely sphere. It was in the open, as Horse Shows should be; it had for setting a girdle of glimmering green, above was the sky of satin, and in and about the ring were the prettiest women in the world. There were girls who seemed to have sauntered from fairyland—as perhaps they had. There were young matrons who, merely at sight of, you would have sworn without further investigation owned that realm in fee—as perhaps they do. Personally, if I may venture to speak of myself, so long, so steadily, so strenuously have I sung the charms, manifold and multifarious, of the New York matron and maid that I am glad of the chance to strum another guitar, delighted at the opportunity to declaim the subtler beauty of these radiant princesses of the South.

At that Horse Show they were out in full force. And well they might be. The grounds were charming. I think that not in France, and I am quite sure not in England, could there be anything more ideally rural, anything so suavely aromatic, anything as suggestive of the uplands of dream. Toward sunset the terraces and perspectives turned out picture after picture such as occasionally you may see on the walls of the Salon, the marriage of contrasting and interfiltering hues, the union of green and violet, of salmon and cobalt. But these effects were atmospheric and details besides. Beauty had come not for them but for the Beast, for horseflesh, incidentally for horsemanship, and Beauty got both and both were tip-top, jumps that were vertiginous and croppers that were immense. In clearing a final hurdle one animal—a klinker if ever there were—turned a complete summersault and fell, the rider beneath. You could almost hear the crunch of bones, you could fancy both dead and disjointed. But not a bit of it. They were up again and off in a jiffy. And there was one horse the like of which I have encountered before, but only in those frescoes which are pictorial of the Chariots of the Sun. His name is Silver Bill. The fences he took and the way he took them, the ease and elasticity of his flights, deserve to go down with a nimbus through Time.

But the bouquet of the function was a cavalcade of young gentlewomen competing for a cup which the judges, Mr. P. F. Collier and Mr. Herbert, finally awarded to Miss Lurnan. The process of decision, though, was very long, very arduous, and during it the judges enjoyed the entire commiseration of every one on the grounds. For to the amateur and average critic there was no choice, or perhaps it would be more exact to say that choice was plentiful, too plentiful even, an *embarras* of the article so confusing that it presupposed the wisdom of Solomon and the tact of Chesterfield to reach a decision at all. Being possessed of those qualities the judges got there at last, and their selection was ratified by immediate applause. Afterward there was jumping over four successive five-foot fences, twenty-seven entries for another cup, which Silver Bill, mounted by Mr. Robert Elder, Jr., won in a walk. Meanwhile the sun had gone. In its stead the moon had risen, one such as you may see only in the South and in the last act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," a huge plat of butter melting in the sky, dripping from it long rills of oleo-margarine, and in that bath of ochre the Heart of Maryland clattered from the Kennels back to town.

The curse-card is the last novelty. Introduced a short time ago in Switzerland, it has become the rage among the rafeul. According to the latest advices it is spreading through Europe and presently, no doubt, will reach these shores. Its utility is great. In those moments of irritation which visit every one, you have to speak or suffocate. In such circumstances big words and short sentences while a distinct relief to some are to others a distinct annoyance. It is only the very proud who say nothing. Now pride is a screen behind which we rage at our ease. Yet, as every one does not possess it, the value of the curse-card is patent. Made

of blanks of assorted sizes, you have in accordance with your annoyances merely to fill in the large ones or the small. For instance, supposing you had journeyed to Baltimore and on the return trip, while lost in memories of the princesses you had seen, your hat is snatched from you and a dusky hand occupies itself in badgering you with a brush. "Rase minion," you write, "go to the very deuce." Or if you wish to be terser and more medieval, you scribble the grand old twelfth century oath—Mormo! Bombo!! Gorgo!!! Whereat, relaxed and relieved, you relapse into dreams again. Cards of this nature, preserved for future reference, will be serviceable in showing just how gentlemanly you have been and cause your grandchildren to venerate you the more.

Modern atheism bases one of its contentions on the fact that when geography was younger the earth was regarded as a flat parallelogram above which was heaven and below which was hell, while at present such conceptions of space being impossible, wherever we may presume heaven to be there is no place in which we may locate hell. In the circumstances the supposition recently advanced by Mr. Lathrop is entertaining. It may be remembered that a hero of a serial story of his joined a Futurity Club, an organization which succeeded in preserving him by a chemical process for three hundred years, at the expiration of which period he is restored to life, visits Mars, Minnesota and other distant resorts and states what the advance of science has been. The final installment of this story has reached me, and in it are the views of the future on hell. The latter is staring us in the face. It is the sun. There is the abode of the lost, who, by way of compensation for the evil which they did on earth, are utilized in feeding the immense combustion which provides us with heat and comfort, but which, as Mr. Lathrop notes, when it shines too intensely drives individuals mad. Thus far the weather has been pleasant enough, but last summer, when this story was presumably in process of elaboration, we were visited by a hot wave during which men and beasts fell dead. In the absence of any information on the subject it is a hope to me that Mr. Lathrop was in nowise affected.

Among the wonders that yet may be are new teeth. In the future of which Mr. Lathrop writes a method has been perfected of causing them to grow by means of "calcareous antisepticized bandages," a method which sounds profound but which I should hesitate to say does more. At the same time I am not a dentist and therefore disqualified to judge. Admitting new teeth, the latter are to masticate protean substances manufactured by chemical transformations from wood fiber in immense quantities on the Amazon, in Africa and in the Ind. Food as a consequence will be amazingly abundant, amazingly cheap. Everything is to be amazing. For instance, we are to have artificial wood made from compressed chloro-cellulose and talc disintegrated by water under pressure. In addition we are to have artificial leather. It will be produced by the electrical fixation of nitrogen in carbo-hydrates. We are also to enjoy artificial health—the product of compound virus. Everything not amazing is to be artificial, in view of which, while I may not pretend to the clairvoyance of Mr. Lathrop, I will venture to prophesy that with so much artificiality the demand for artificial tales will be slight.

The "Gil Blas," a Parisian sheet, has been declaiming at length on the subject of the decline of Oriental polygamy, and that apparently because the Shah of Persia has but sixty wives while his predecessor had nearly two thousand, some of which, for his sake as well as theirs, I hope he never saw. In Berlin, after viewing the Empress Augusta, he said to the Emperor, "Why don't you hang her?"—a remark cheerfully Oriental which it took the old lady a long time to digest. The present incumbent, Muzaffer-ed-Din, seems to be an inoffensive person with a mania for being photographed. There are pictures of him on foot and on horseback, there is a picture of him seated on that Peacock throne the value of which is between ten and fifteen million dollars. He has been photographed in bed and also in the guise of an English curate. According to Mr. Fraser, one of the three commissioners of "Travel" who are now cycling round the world, he exhibits, among other toys, a globe of the world which is made of pure gold incrustated with fifty thousand jewels. The seas are stretches of emeralds. England is made of diamonds, Europe of sapphires, Persia of turquoises, India of amethysts, Africa of rubies, but of what the United States is composed he does not state. Mr. Fraser adds that the Shah is unpopular with his subjects because he does not treat them with the severity to which they are accustomed and which no doubt they deserve. If that be true, may his stature never grow less.

In a letter to the Editor, Mr. Charles McIlvaine, the Philadelphia expert, expresses himself as follows: "Into my den come all the magazines and weeklies of the United States. But COLLIER'S is my treat. It is exhilarant—a storage of thought, an incentive to good thinking. Your array of writers is select and the choicest of the land. I pay COLLIER'S a compliment I pay to nothing else; I read it from start to finish and then read it again. You know I sling a pretty good pen, but when I read Edgar Saltus or Fawcett or the editorial page—Thanks, Mr. McIlvaine. I do not know into what volume of forgotten lore you delved and mined that jewel of a word exhilarant, but there is in it a brilliance, an effervescence and a copiousness which has filled me with envy and delight. Your praise, too, is grateful, and in so far as it concerns everything and everybody except myself, I may as an onlooker in Venice declare that it is deserved. But precisely as it takes a thief to catch a thief so does it take a literary man to catch on in matters literary. The leaves in Vallombrosa are not piled thicker than are the periodicals which come to me. Of them COLLIER'S is my treat also. I, too, enjoy as I enjoy nothing else the wisdom on the editorial page and the wit and wickedness of Mr. Fawcett. Mr. McIlvaine, *les beaux esprits se rencontrent*, but, *comme les imbéciles se le disent*, I shan't. What I may say is, Mr. McIlvaine, sir, here's to you.

Eduard von Hartmann, Germany's foremost metaphysician, stated some time ago that if socialism were let alone it would work its own cure, that persecution was the very thing on which it fattened. In the circumstances it is interesting to note that in social democracy as it exists at present there is a curious reaction against the doctrines of its apostle Marx, who taught, as all the world is aware, that as wealth increases in geometric proportion so does poverty, and that in time there would be but a few magnates face to face with huge enslaved populations, whereupon explosion would ensue and the reorganization of society begin. Recently it has been denied that the poor are growing poorer and the rich richer. Mr. Mallock had a lot to say on the subject not long ago and now Dr. Bruno Schoenlank, editor of the "Socialist Journal" in Leipsic, has not only a lot to say, he has statistics also. If his statistics are accepted and his statements as well, socialism as it was, orthodox socialism, must disappear and with it the dream, and the not very beautiful one at that, of international brotherhood, utopian cosmopolitanism, the transformation of the State into a guild to which all productive capital shall appertain. In that case *Requiscat*.

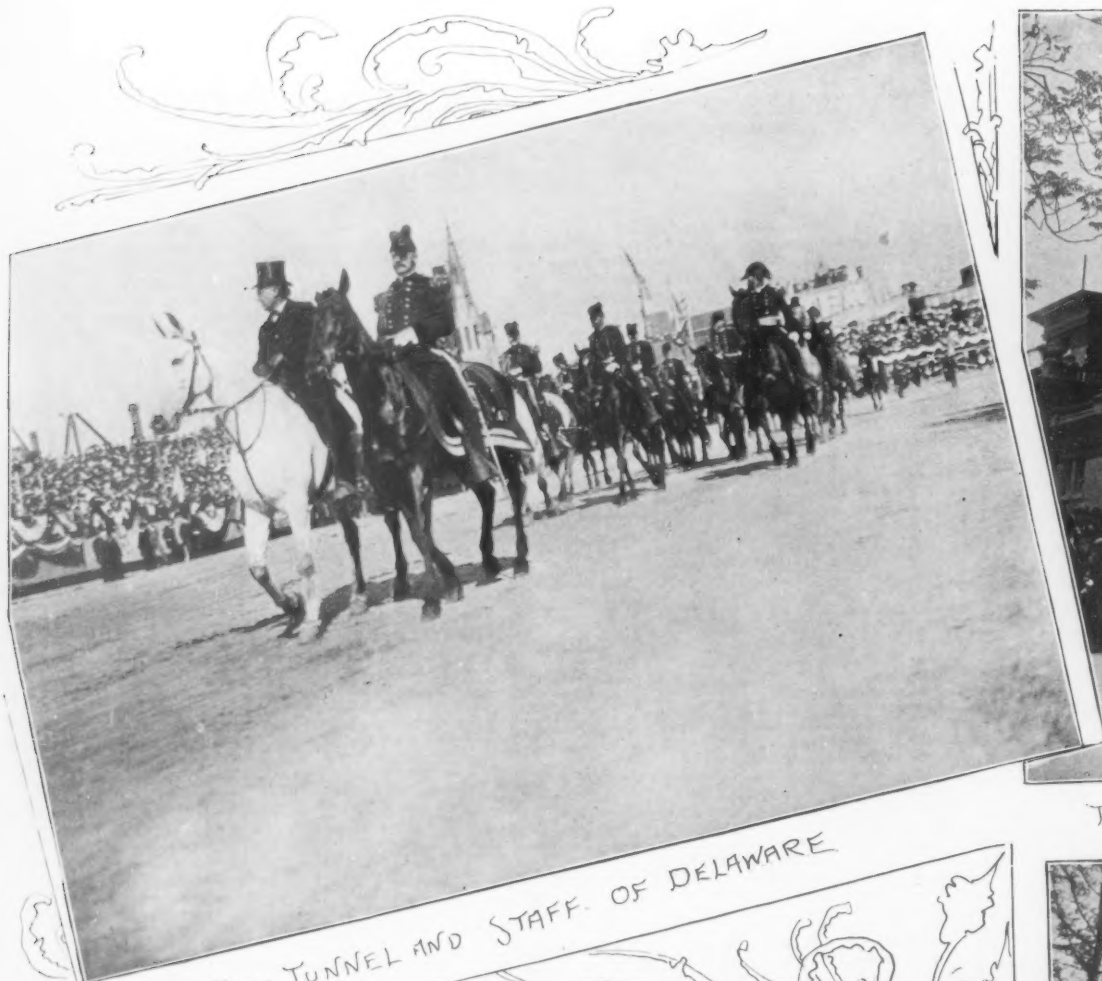
There are several things the world should have and which ultimately the world will get, a universal language, for instance, a universal creed, universal reciprocity and universal coin. But while waiting these things which Time has in store there is no imaginable reason why we should not have a universal postage stamp. Another international postal congress is about to convene; it should look to it. If I am correctly informed, the chief obstacle which former conventions have encountered has been the opposition of the representatives of our government. There would be loss of revenue, the loss of the double postage exacted of the receiver of a letter which is not prepaid, and that of course is a thing to be avoided; for it is not one of our most cherished principles that if the government but take care of the pennies we can take care of ourselves. It has, however, been intimated before and may be suggested again, that that which depletes the pocket of the citizen does not enrich the country, that government and governed are interchangeable factors; but totally apart from that, the postal system was organized for the convenience of the individual and not to fill any void with which the Treasury may ache. Besides, the revenue of authors should be considered. One of its main fonts consists in the return stamps sent to them by the autograph collector. Were there an international stamp think how many they would receive from their admirers throughout the world. There, at least, is something on which the government may meditate.

Mr. J. I. C. Clark in a recent article advocates the establishment of a National Theater, one devoted to the highest art, where the best of tragedy and comedy may be produced, and one which, as a matter of course, should be endowed. Mr. Clark's project is, if I am not in error, the subject of a bill before Congress where presumably it has been tabled. The idea, however, is nonetheless excellent. We should have not only a National Theater but we should have a National Opera House, and both should be in full enjoyment of a copious subsidy. When we get them we will be in luck, but meanwhile history will repeat itself. Next winter and for many another to come impresarii will provide for the entertainment and education of the public the usual assortments of rot. For that, however, the impresarii are in nowise to blame. They are not philanthropists, they are business men. If the public wanted the highest art, if there were a demand for the best of tragedy and of comedy, they would supply it. But the public doesn't. The public admires these things—at a distance. If urged to come and applaud them free, it might, but it would not linger. The success of the year is "The Girl from Paris." Though it has been running for months there is still Standing Room Only. More utter drivel is possible, of course, but it would require a peculiarly lack-luster imagination to produce it. In "The Arlesienne" there was a tender of high art and the house remained empty. Mr. Tree offered the best of tragedy and comedy, but he offered them in vain. There were no takers. By all means let us have a National Theater, but let us have a public to appreciate it first.

Señor Pablo Diaz, photographs of whom are appended, and who is billed for an early appearance in this city, is a gentleman of a highly original turn of body. He eats but one meal in twenty-four hours, and whether on that account or natural aptitude or both is beyond me, yet, in any event, he is regarded as the best all around contortionist of the day—the distinctive



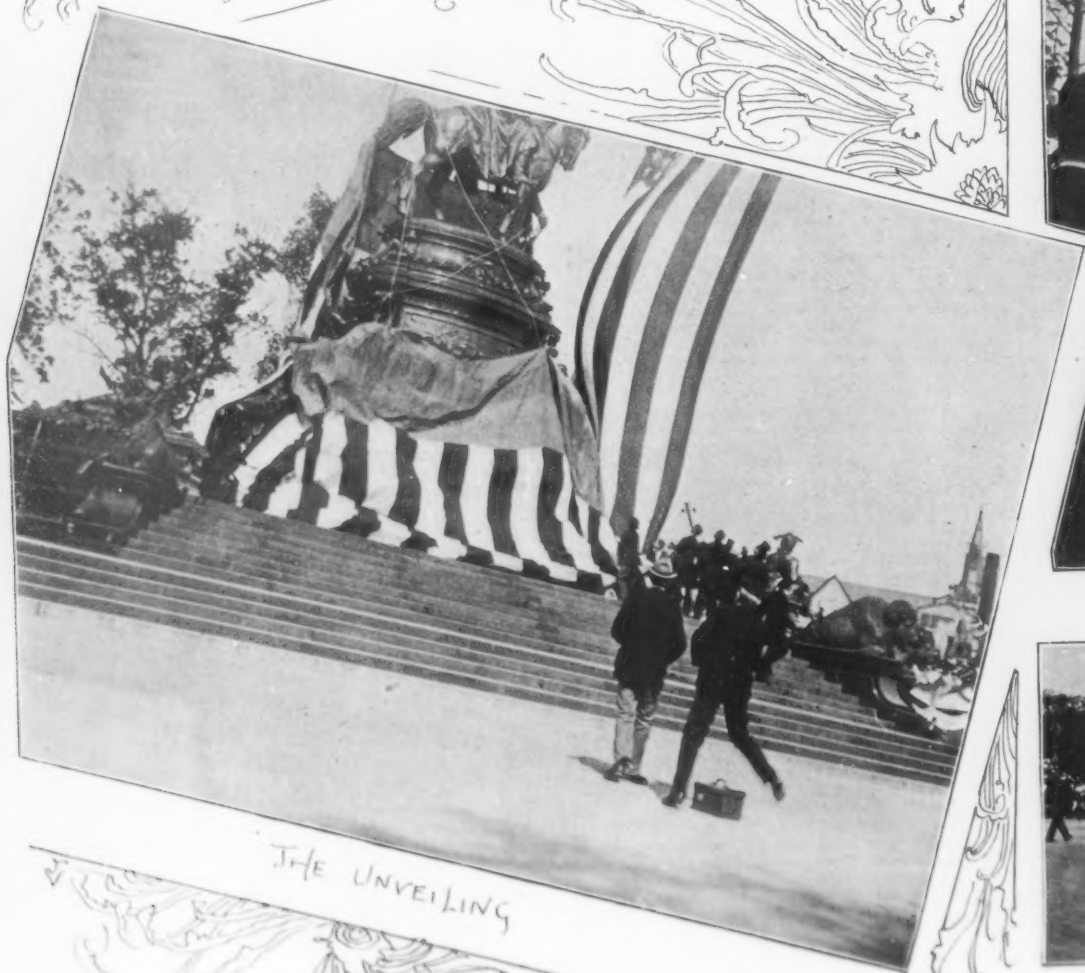
feature of his performance consisting in the fact that from the time he appears on the stage to the time he leaves it not once does he set foot upon it. He swings up into rings and then proceeds to turn himself into others. I may commend him to your admiration, but to your emulation I do not dare.



GOV TUNNEL AND STAFF OF DELAWARE



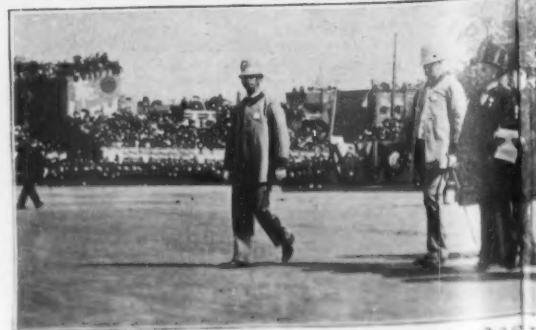
THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB WHERE T



THE UNVEILING



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ADDRESS



THE PRESIDENT AND PARTY

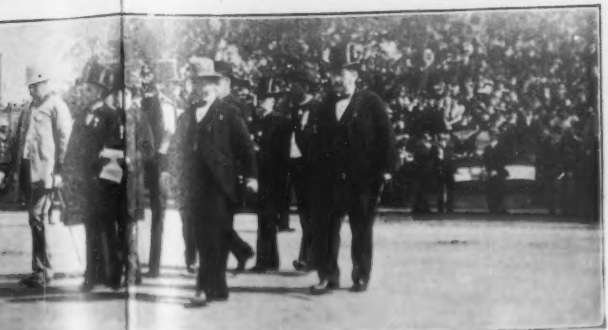
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY UNVEILS THE MONUMENT TO



WHERE THE PRESIDENT DINED



Y'S ADDRESS

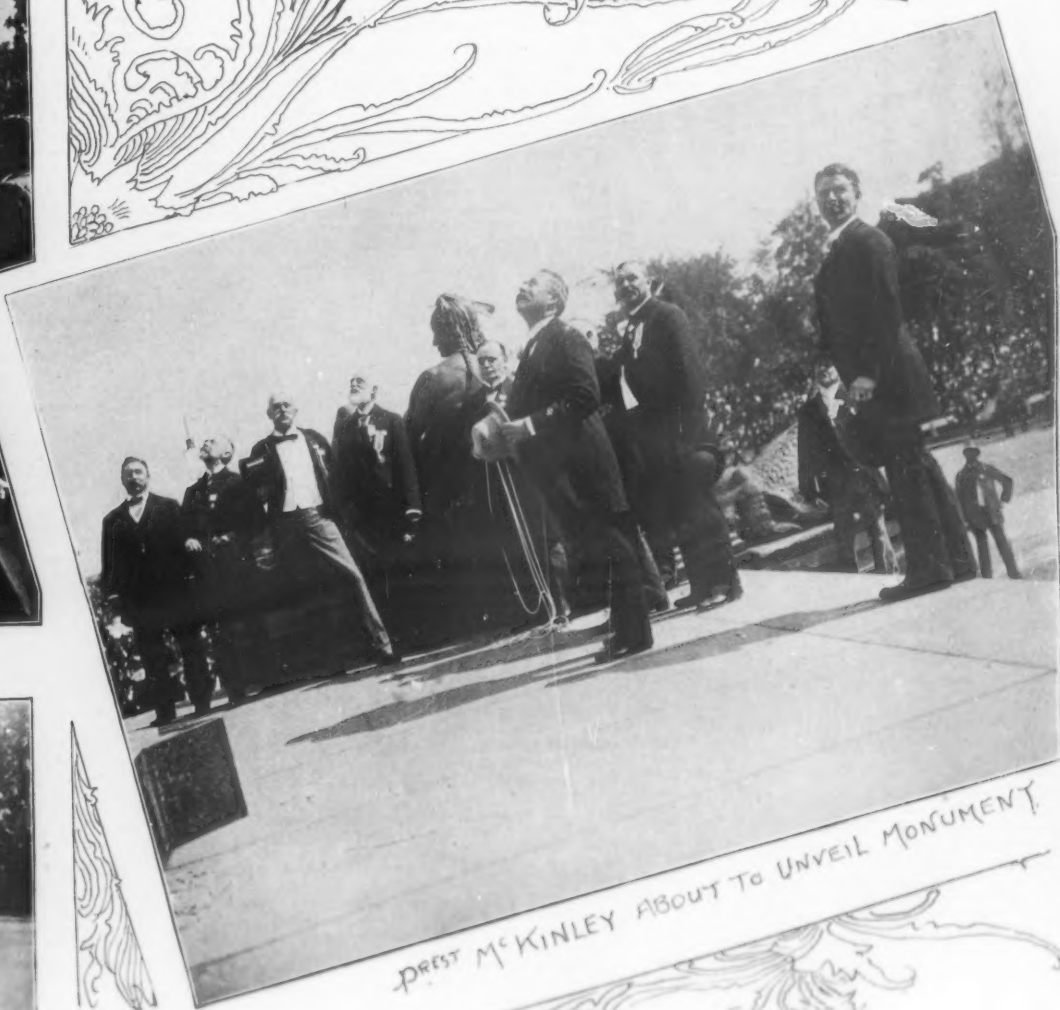


AND PARTY

MONUMENT TO GENERAL WASHINGTON AT PHILADELPHIA.



U. S. CAVALRY PASSING MONUMENT



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ABOUT TO UNVEIL MONUMENT

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

ABOUT this time look out for reports that the American navy is going on larks and junketing expeditions, for the Secretary of the Navy has been asked to let the North Atlantic Squadron go next fall to Portland, Me., where the New England Fair is to be held. It is only decent to say on the general subject that in all navies in time of peace it is custom, policy, and good sense for ships to make port at least once a month to give officers and men a short release from the close quarters of ship-board, and that it takes several days to give every man a few hours of "liberty." As Portland is a temperance town, there can be no carousing there. Besides, the people of Maine have paid their full share of the cost of our new navy, and they have the right to have a good look at the property at the time and place where many of them can best see it. Further, what the navy needs quite as much as ships and guns is the intelligent interest of the largest possible number of the American people, and as these cannot always go to the navy it is manners for the navy to go occasionally to the people. No time or money is wasted in such trips; it takes quite as much coal, work and discipline to take the fleet to Portland or any other port as to steam an equal distance off shore. Finally, the fleet is likely to go to Portland anyway, for the Secretary of the Navy was born in Maine, and the request for the fleet is signed by the chairman of the national Senate and House Naval Affairs Committees, the chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, the president pro tem. of the Senate, and the speaker of the House, all of whom chance to be Maine men, as well as close-fisted guardians of Uncle Sam's money, property and other interests. Evidently the occasion is not one on which to criticise the navy.

Sectional feeling in the United States is generally supposed to be caused entirely by political differences and suspicions, but the business world knows better. Nothing more sectional and narrow has ever appeared in print than certain newspaper articles on the possible decline of the shipping business at the great seaports of the Eastern States because of the improvements made at certain Southern ports. One would suppose, from the tenor of some of the articles alluded to, that New York had a constitutional, patented, copyrighted and otherwise assured monopoly of the right to ship American products to foreign countries, and that for Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore to try to obtain a share of this business is insolence, while for Galveston and New Orleans to take some of it is downright robbery. Meanwhile, most of the cities named are retorting in language which implies that New York is a conscienceless trade-grabber and that all other enterprising seacoast cities—except the one that is complaining for the time being, are quite as bad.

This quality of sectional feeling has not a single redeeming or palliating feature. Different sections of the country do not exist for the sole purpose of benefiting shippers and the trades dependent upon them; they exist for the benefit of their own inhabitants, whose servants the shippers are. Farmers and manufacturers everywhere have the right to increase the net receipts for their products by decreasing the expense of getting the said products to market; consequently for certain portions of the South and West there has been an increased profit, or reduced cost of getting products to market, since the deepening of the passes of the Mississippi have enabled large ships to reach New Orleans. Similarly and very recently the port of Galveston, which used to be accessible only to small ships, has now a deep seaward channel and is attracting much European-bound grain and cotton that used to be railroaded East, whereat New York, Boston and other Eastern ports are complaining, although there were times during the past year when none of them was equal to the shipping demands made upon it.

A new incentive to peace between nations is the effort that is being made to discover ways of making bullets more injurious to the human system. The newest army rifles of the more progressive nations carry a ball no thicker than a lead pencil, and it is now believed that such a ball will not disable a man unless it strikes a vital part. Britain has made haste to improve upon this merciful projectile by a modification which will cause the ball to upset on striking and thus increase the size of the wound, and other nations, including our own, are giving expert attention to the subject. To read some pages reporting experiments of this character is to make the average citizen hope that his government will keep a civil tongue in its head, for any coming wars will require large armies, and the average citizen will not easily escape being sent to the front and fired at.

The rapidity with which conditions change in the United States is one of the old stories that is frequently recalled by occurrences of the day. A few days ago Judson W. Lyons of Georgia, born a slave but now a prominent lawyer and a highly respected citizen who is influential in State and national politics, called on President McKinley to urge the appointment of General Longstreet as a Railroad Commissioner in place of General Hampton. As an esteemed contemporary says, "We have traveled very far in thirty-two years when the old slave can make such a plea for the old slaveholder against another old slaveholder, both of whom were generals in the Confederate Army, without provoking general comment."

Although the far Western States have done the most vigorous of recent complaining about hard times and business stagnation, there have been some pleasing reliefs from the general chorus. Recently there was a meeting of prominent business men of Montana—a State which sent some harrowing stories to the great political conventions last year; during the meeting the statement was made and not denied that in 1890 Montana produced more gold, silver, copper, cattle, sheep and farm products than in any of the years when everything was booming, and that the State's production of wealth in proportion to population is about double that of most States of the Union. The much-complaining

Western communities, except those in the rainless belt and where water cannot be had for irrigation, ought to esteem themselves the most fortunate in the land; nowhere but in them, in recent years, have many men been able to start with almost nothing and quickly become successful farmers, miners or merchants. They are envied all over the East, and the envy is intensified by the many visitors who bring back stories of their prosperity and independence.

Tennessee's Centennial Exposition, at Nashville, was complete in all details at the beginning of the third week, which is a rare record in the history of such enterprises. Eastern visitors who have returned are industriously searching for listeners, for they were agreeably disappointed by the Exposition itself, and they saw a country and a class of Americans that seemed to them entirely new, so little known is the country between the Ohio River and the Gulf States. They raise wonderful crops and wonder people down in Tennessee, and somehow succeed in not having as large a shiftless class as afflicts most of the older States. There is no portion of the country in which one can find the fine old Virginia stock of men and women so little unchanged by time and circumstance, nor any portion which people of the North, East and West are so likely to leave unvisited unless some attraction presents itself; hence our suggestion that every one who can should visit the Tennessee Exposition.

Has Chicago devised a new plan of municipal reform? Ordinarily when the people of a great city become disgusted and desperate over the excesses of its dangerous classes its better people nominate a "reform" ticket, vote for it, and, if they succeed, get their reforms fairly started only to have the Legislature or some other marplot block all the good intentions and tie the hands of the officials. At the last city election in Chicago it was believed that the dangerous classes in general and the gamblers in particular voted for the successful candidate for mayor. Now, however, the chief of police, by order of this same mayor, is closing all the gambling houses, pool rooms and policy shops, and even removing the thousands of "nickel-in-the-slot" machines that are used for gambling purposes. The announcement is made that this is no make-believe spasm of virtue, but that the gamblers are all to go and to remain away, and that the new mayor intends to make Chicago a law-abiding city. Whether the mayor was "playing double" while running for office, or has since been brought to a proper sense of his duties as citizen and executive, is of secondary consideration; the point of the matter is that it is a thousand times easier and cheaper—provided that the proper man can be found—to let a city's riff-raff elect a mayor who will reform of his own accord after election, or can be persuaded or hired to reform, than to organize an expensive campaign which may result in nothing but disappointment. The experiment might be made in some suffering cities without waiting for a new election, for to pay a lot of money to mayors who are "on the make"—pay them a special sum, in addition to salary, to abate nuisances, suppress the dangerous classes and in other ways do what their oaths of office require of them—could not be construed as bribery.

Already the Southern cotton-mill owners are learning that fortunes are easier ciphersed out on paper than earned in business. Next to flour and salt no American product is in such steady and universal demand as cotton goods of the cheaper grade, yet the Southern cotton-mill men in convention recently adopted a resolution to lessen production of certain grades of cotton yarn twenty-five per cent in the coming four months, otherwise the spindle may keep too far ahead of the looms and put upon their owners' hands that most depressing variety of property, a "surplus stock." Cotton spinning in excess of consumption has been almost forced upon the South, for the makers of spinning machinery had comparatively small markets elsewhere, very few new mills being built at the North; it has needed only a little figuring by enterprising salesmen to show a large apparent profit in the business, although it has been a long time since the best-managed spinning-mills in New England cleared more than legal interest on their capital—and money in the South can be loaned at higher rates than most cotton-mills down there can pay in dividends. This does not imply that cotton-spinning down South is bad business; it means merely that it is a branch of manufacture that can be easily overdone until a larger foreign demand is created for American cotton goods.

The business, never entirely discontinued, of searching for Captain Kidd's buried treasure received a tremendous boom last week through the finding of a lot of old coins under a stone on a Long Island beach. It is generally believed that Kidd, who was commissioned and armed to chase pirates, did himself become a pirate and steal a lot of money, but the treasure-hunters are blackening his reputation still further by implying that he was a fool of the lowest order. Misers have been known to hide money so successfully that they alone knew where the precious stuff was, but pirate captains never were able to stow away their savings on the sly, for every member of their crews kept close watch on them. Besides, there was not much in the business in Kidd's day, for there were too many people among whom the plunder had to be divided—governors of States, mayors of cities, commanders of forts, etc.; that period of our colonial history was not specially creditable to some distinguished names ashore. There is but one safe rule in searching for Kidd's treasure along shore; it is to dig as close as possible to the water line, for then the digger may find enough clams to pay him for the time consumed.

New Jersey deserves credit for having devised a new form of taxation which will not be objected to by the persons who are to pay the tax. A new law provides that any man from another State who insists upon marrying a woman of New Jersey shall pay into the treasury of the State of the bride-elect the sum of one dollar. The only cause of wonder regarding the enactment is that the tax is so low; for men resolved upon marriage, like men who want to fight, are never known to let money stand in their way.

There is an oft-told story of a husband and wife who were roused at night by hearing some one moving about in their home. They were so poor that the house con-

tained next to nothing, yet the wife whispered "Thieves!" upon which the husband replied, "Keep quiet till we see if they've got anything; then we'll get up and take it away from them." This seems to be the method of action of some of our States toward the railroads. The latest and most radical railroad legislation is reported from Florida—a State which twenty years ago had only two railroads, but has since been abundantly supplied, to the immense gain and prosperity of almost the entire people. The Floridians put very little of their own money into the new roads; they "laid low" and allowed several corporations to spend all they would. Now that all probable construction is completed—there already having been more than pay expenses—they have perpetrated a new law which is said to place the whole railroad interest at the mercy of any demagogues or "strikers" who may get upon the State Railroad Commission. One result will be that when next Florida wishes a railroad, long or short, her own people will have to pay for it; but there is no consolation in this for the capitalists who have locked up not less than twenty-five millions of their own and other people's money in roads already constructed. Even a proposition to allow the companies to earn four per cent on the capital invested was voted down, and this in a State which owes the development of its most prosperous portion entirely to railroads and to capital from other States.

Americans as a body, whether in Florida or elsewhere, are not thieves, neither are they fools; but it is high time that they should begin to study the simple arithmetic of railroading, for the majority of law-makers, in Congress and State Legislatures, are too intent on retaining office to learn and practice more than their constituents believe. The actual receipts and expenditures of any road can easily be learned, and no one complains that any company pays higher wages than it should, or pays more than it must for supplies, or keeps its roadbed and rolling stock in better condition than is necessary. Half an hour devoted to the longest published reports of prices of stocks and bonds will show that but few of these securities can be sold at par. Railroad building has been overdone in many States, yet hundreds of sections need transportation facilities and are clamoring for them; the inhabitants are too poor to provide the necessary money, and capitalists are and will be entirely unwilling to come to the rescue unless there is a radical change in public sentiment regarding the railroad business. The provoking and depressing fact of the situation is that the supposed sentiment of the people on the subject is not original with the people, but was taken at second-hand from a lot of scatter-brained demagogues whose sole foundation of statement is that some railroad promoters have been rogues. One might as well abuse all of the Apostles because Judas was a thief and traitor.

The very large class that is "down on" capitalists of all descriptions will be delighted to learn that the iron ore trade is at present about as stagnant as ditch-water. The great sources of supply are now in Minnesota and elsewhere on the Great Lakes; they are controlled by Messrs. Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller and other millionaires, their appointments are perfect and their output can be sold profitably at prices that defy competition, scores of great iron mills are busy, yet little or no ore is being mined. The reason is merely that the supply is far in excess of the demand, and the surplus cannot be forced upon the market; there is less in it than in the surplus corn of the West, which can be sold if the owners will sell at a loss. The other side of the subject is that while the owners are getting no money out of their property there are thousands of miners out of work and wondering how they shall live until business picks up again. There is great glee whenever a capitalist is hit; no one seems to remember that such a blow compels a lot of poor workingmen to suffer.

Slowly and not always safely the cultivating of the sugar beet is becoming a permanent farming interest in the United States—a country which consumes so much sugar that it must still get most of its raw material from abroad, although France and Germany and other back-number countries have fully or nearly met their home demand. Over here the trouble is that the farmer assumes that any kind of soil ought to produce anything that will grow from seed. There can be no doubt, however, that on proper soil, and within easy reach of a sugar mill, there is a handsome profit for the growers of sugar beets. One portion of California is paying beet-farmers at the rate of twenty-five dollars per acre clear profit, which is more than any one in other States makes on corn, wheat or cotton. This is a good year for experimenting everywhere, in a modest way, on sugar beet culture, for a small area will keep a sugar mill busy and the new tariff law will undoubtedly increase the duty on imported sugars and consequently help the beet-growers.

Occasional statistics that force attention to themselves show that some American products that are individually insignificant make together a large item of our export trade. For instance, we send abroad annually about five million fur skins, exclusive of Alaska seal-skins, and the selling price of these exceeds that of certain other products which are supposed to be in great demand abroad. We are one of the greatest of distilling nations, but all spirits and liquors exported do not equal the fur skins in value; neither do our wools and woolen goods sent abroad, nor our carriages, railroad cars and street cars, although the latter go to almost all countries. Our agricultural implements are universally acknowledged to be the best in the world, and the raw material for these is cheaper here than anywhere else, but even the total value of all of these exported exceeds but little the value of the fur skins.

A SERGEANT in a Volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed rifles to all the men, called out: "All you that are without arms hold up your hands!"

SET of 12 Portfolios, 16 full page photos each 13½ x 11, 192 pages in all, subject, "Beautiful Paris," edition cost \$100,000, given absolutely free with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to their customers. Write for particulars.

(Copyright, 1897, by PETER FENELON COLLIER.)

OLD CORCORAN'S MONEY,

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Mystery of Killard," "Sweet Innisfail," "Catmur's Caves," "The Dark Intruder," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"HE'S ARRESTED—HE'S ARRESTED!"

WHEN McDonnell left Mary Butler that memorable Thursday night the girl rose hastily from her chair. She had no thought in her head—her mind was a blank—but instinct told her she must then meet no one. She knew her aunt and uncle would be anxious to hear the result of the interview between her and Jim; but she could not face either of them now. That was all. She found a piece of paper, and wrote:

"MY DEAR AUNT—I will see you in the morning. I am so distracted I cannot meet you to-night."

"MARY."

She placed this paper in the middle of a table, and leaving the gas full up, went to her room and locked the door.

She flung herself into an easy-chair in the dark. She felt stunned, cold, dreary. She knew something dreadful had taken place between herself and Jim, but she realized no more, and she felt grateful for her numbed condition.

A few minutes after the girl had gone upstairs Mrs. Prendergast, wondering why Mary had not come down, went to the drawing-room and found the note. Her first feeling was one of anger. Her dignity was hurt. With the note in her hand, she hastened down to her husband.

"I am afraid," said she to him, "that this girl is a Butler." She handed her husband the paper.

He put on his spectacles and read it. He handed it back to his wife, laughing in his simple, boyish way.

"She's no Butler. She hasn't wan look of his. She reminds me of yeh, Bridget, when I marr'ed yeh."

He could have devised no better speech to mollify his wife, for the girl was said by every one to be the prettiest in or near the town.

"Well, I don't think either of them treated us well to-night," complained Mrs. Prendergast, smoothing out her sky-blue dress and tossing her gaudy cap. "He goes off without seeing either of us, and now here she has taken herself to her room without as much as saying even good-night! and that, too, the first night she has ever been in this house, and after all you and I promised her to-day when she hadn't a friend or a roof. 'Pon my word, I have half a mind to go up and ask her what she means by such behavior."

"Indeed, Bridget, if I was yeh, I wouldn't. How do we know but the two young people had a tiff, an' the girrel's heart is sore enough to-day, after bein' hev out on the road be Butler, wudout yer remindin' her of that thraitment an' her sorrows at this time of night. Lave the crayture the chance of a night's rest and spake to her in the mornin'. But even then I'd take her aisy, for she was reared a pet." He laughed again.

"Reared a pet, indeed! Ay, and treated like a pet to-day!" cried Mrs. Prendergast, scornfully.

"Well, yeh're not goin' to visit the sins of the father on the child? An' it's not on'y of the girrel I'm thinkin', but I'm thinkin' of yerself mostly. For, Bridget," he said, putting his hand with affectionate pride on his wife's shoulder, "it would be beneath yer dignity to show curiosity in what they were talkin' about. No doubt she'll tell yeh all in the mornin' wudout yer askin' a question."

Prendergast's appeal, first to his wife's vanity and secondly to her pride, showed more acuteness and skill than one could suppose the man to have, judging merely from his looks. It was his policy, in the furtherance of his plan to marry these two people, that his house should be agreeable to the girl.

Next morning Mrs. Prendergast went to her niece's room, and learned from the girl that McDonnell, in face of the suspicion resting on him about Corcoran's money, had declared their engagement at an end.

"And very proper, too!" declared the aunt. "What do you think yourself, Mary?"

The girl was pale and wretched-looking. She had not slept during the night, but she had not shed a tear. The suspense was too intense for weeping. To her nothing seemed final yet. She could not believe the banishment from home was forever. With respect to the engagement, she said, speaking in a low but steady voice:

"I told my father that I would never marry against his will, and I told him I would never marry any man except James McDonnell. I cannot change my mind in either of these things. My father may think or say what he likes, and James may think or say what he likes, but I never will marry against my father's will, or any man but James, and on my side the engagement can be ended only when I am married to James, or when I die."

The girl's tone and manner told the aunt that reasoning or expostulation would for the present be in vain. "You have thought the whole affair over, and that is your decision?" asked the woman.

"I have thought of nothing else all night, and I shall never be able to look at the matter in any other way."

"Well, child, you seem to know your own mind, and that's a great virtue. Where you get your firmness from I don't know. It's not from our side of the family, anyway. I suppose it is from your father. We need not now say any more. Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes."

With these words Mrs. Prendergast hurried away and saw her husband. She found him in the library, going through the morning's letters. She repeated word for word her conversation with Mary.

He threw himself back on his chair and pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, exclaiming, "But, tunder and tuff, that won't do at all! Why, it would destroy my plan!"

"Plan! What's your plan?"

"To be—"

He was on the point of blurting out, "To be revenged on Butler be marr'in' his daughter agen' his will to a thief." But he pulled himself up in time. He knew his wife would have nothing to do with any such scheme of vengeance. He knew she would take no part in furthering the marriage if she entertained a doubt of McDonnell's innocence. He said aloud:

"To marry the two young people, of course. That was yer own plan."

"Yes," said his wife; "but I think the young man's setting her free for the present, anyway, is just and reasonable, and to his credit."

"To be sure—to be sure!"—in an indulgent voice, and with an indulgent gesture. "In every way yeh take him he is a fine, honorable, upright young man, an' will make the best of husbands. But I think for the sake of the two they'd better be marr'ed as soon as it can be done, for the girrel would be in a quare position here, an' if ould Corcoran's few ha'pence are never found, do yeh mane to tell me the two are to be forever kept apart?" He spoke in a soft, persuasive voice, as if his heart was full of sympathy with the lovers.

"I don't say forever; but wouldn't it be strange for them to marry while the thing is so fresh? And then there's her father?"

"Look here, Bridget," said he, rising, "as to Butler, I'd bet anything the young fellow could persuade the girrel to marry him in spite of Billy; an' as to the young man's awkward position, I'm worth a thrille, and I'd lay every ha'penny of it down on the boy's honesty."

"Cornelius," said the woman, going up to him and laying her hand lovingly on his broad chest, "people who do not know you may think you hard; but I, that have lived with you these forty years, know the good heart that's under my hand now, and I take this goodness of you to the girl and the boy as a new proof of your love for me; for she is nothing to you, but she is my sister's child. She is less than nothing to you, because she is the child of your enemy—the child of the man who has been trying all the livelong days of twenty years to blacken your name."

"Tut, tut, me darlin' Bridget!" said he, bending down and kissing the red wrinkled forehead under the gaudy cap. "It's nothin' to what I'd do for yeh; an' as for Billy Butler, I can afford not to mind what he says. an' we'll think no more of him, or the injury he tried to do me. Let us give all our attention to the girrel an' her affairs. I tell yeh, Bridget, we'll have them marr'ed sure and fast wudin a month."

"I'm not so sure about that," said the woman, shaking her head. "But, there! We'll leave it where it is for the present, and I fancy it would be as well for us not to speak about it at breakfast, unless the girl introduces the subject herself."

At breakfast Prendergast did most of the talking. He was careful to keep to matters of his own business, which he canvassed with his wife. Now and then he addressed a question or remark to Mary. She replied collectedly. Now and then her aunt spoke to her; but Mary volunteered no word. When the meal was over Mary went to her room, and Prendergast and his wife to the counting-house.

"Begor," said he, as soon as he and his wife were alone, "that girl looks mormal bad. If she isn't marr'ed in no time she'll be dead. I saw her last Sunday at mass, the picture of health, rosy, an' 'bloomin', an' look at her now! Pale as a ghost and spiritless as if she kem out of a faver. If I never believed in anny wan dyn' of love till I saw her, I'd believe it this mornin'. As sure as fate, she is on the road to the grave. If we night makes such a differ, what'll a week, let alone a month, do?" His voice was subdued to the tone of fear.

"I don't think it's all about McDonnell. There was also the turning out of house and home for her to think of in the night."

"House and home! Why, she has a better house and home now than ever she had! I was young wance mese'f, and I don't forget it. Do yeh think if I was turned out of all the houses and homes in the worrld forty years ago I'd care a thrauncen about it compared wud annything comin' between you and me?"

He made this speech with the fervor of an advocate, bringing in his allusion to their own past as though it were inevitable, whereas it had been artfully imported to influence his wife toward his view.

"Well, Cornelius, there may be something in what you say, and I suppose you know best."

"I am certain sure of it," said he, with the air of a man whose conviction was so strong he would lay down his life for it. "The marriage won't bear an hour's delay. I'll make it my business to have a chat wud McDonnell before the sun sets."

Prendergast went off on his business rounds. Three o'clock was his dinner hour, and his wife did not expect to see him much before that time. At noon he darted in, flushed and excited, to tell her the startling news that McDonnell was not at the bank, and that there were the ugliest rumors about him in town.

"Faith!" he cried, mopping his forehead with a handkerchief, "it'll play the mischief with my plan if he bolts."

"From all I ever heard of him," said Mrs. Prendergast, "I don't think he's the man to run away. What excuse do they give at the bank?"

"Oh, they say he's sick! Nice time for him to fall sick! Well, I must be off. If I have time, I'll run up to Anne Street before dinner."

At close to three o'clock Prendergast ran back in a state of the highest excitement, rushed into the counting-house, and said between panting breaths:

"He's arrested—he's arrested! As I was goin' to his lodgin's I saw Head Constable Cassidy knocking at his door."

CHAPTER XIX.

M'DONNELL'S OPINION OF THE CASE.

IN believing that because he had seen Cassidy at McDonnell's threshold the young teller had been arrested, or was about to be arrested, Prendergast had jumped at a conclusion not justified by facts.

Cassidy sent up his name, and in a few minutes found himself face to face with the bank clerk.

"Bless my soul, Mr. McDonnell!" cried he, observing the bruises and cuts and plasters on the face and hands of the other. "What in the world have you been doing to yourself?"

"Oh," answered McDonnell, with as good an attempt at a smile as the condition of his face would allow, "I met with an accident last night, and, if you please, we will say no more about that for the present. Did you come to see me on business?" He laid strong emphasis on the last word, looked significantly at the officer, and held out his wrists as if for handcuffs.

"Indeed, I didn't!" cried Cassidy, in a tone of distaste for the question. He made a gesture repudiating the proffered wrists. "I heard you weren't well, and I called to see how you are getting on."

"And to make sure I hadn't cut my stick?"

"Oh, don't be talking! I know well you have more sense than to do anything of the kind."

McDonnell looked keenly at the policeman. "I see, I understand what is in your mind. You know that to run away would be open confession, and you know that I could get no further than Kilkenny or the Limerick Junction without being arrested. You are easy about my escape, but you called just to make sure I wasn't poisoning myself or cutting my throat on the sly. Well, I give you my word the ornaments on my face and hands were not inflicted by myself in an attempt at suicide." He laughed bitterly.

"Now, now, now!" said Cassidy in indulgent protest. "You are running away with the story and you are hard on me, considering I came here out of friendship and good-nature, and am in great danger of being called over the coals for visiting you, since in doing so I am clearly exceeding my duty. I'm not going to ask you a word about the bruises and scrapes, or how you got them." In his mind he thought, "I can guess very well you met old Billy Butler, and that he used his blackthorn or his whip." He went on aloud, "I have brought you two pieces of news which I think worth telling. O'Hoolaghan didn't steal the money, and I have reason to fear he has been murdered."

"Murdered!" cried the young man, springing out of his chair, with a look of horror.

Cassidy told of the discovery of the wallet, and of the inference he drew from finding it. He wound up by saying:

"As sure as I'm sitting here, the Fool never stole the notes, and as sure as I'm sitting here, whoever holds the money has the blood of O'Hoolaghan on his hands."

"The case was bad enough before. It's downright awful now. Do you suspect any one?"

"If I do, I must keep my suspicions to myself. Only for a friendly feeling I have for you, I wouldn't tell you anything at all about the case. In saying what I have said, I am exceeding my duty."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't tell me that again," broke in McDonnell impatiently. "I know you are the best fellow in the world. It's a pity you have any duty but that of being the best fellow in the world, for it would be only an excess of virtue to exceed in that."

Cassidy drew back, bridled, and half rose.

"Well, if that's the way you're going to take me—" "Sit down, man—sit down! I am sorry if I said anything that annoyed you. I am not in the sweetest humor. I have about as much to trouble me as a fellow wants. There's a good man, forgive me. I'm very sorry if I offended you. Sit down."

The head constable settled himself back in his chair, cleared his throat, and passed his finger between his neck and his stock. "I make allowances for you, Mr. McDonnell. I am aware you have trouble of your own."

The teller said nothing, but by a motion put aside his private concerns.

"I want you, Mr. McDonnell, in this affair to regard me as a friend, not as a policeman. I wish you to consider anything I may say to you as private and confidential."

The teller bowed.

"You are the only man of intellect and position I am acquainted with. It would be a great relief if I might come and speak to you as a friend—"

"Indeed you may, and I thank you very much for the belief in my innocence which such a proposal implies," said the young man, with a tremor of emotion. "Until all about O'Brien's Castle is cleared up, I do not suppose I shall have many callers of your sort. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the words you have just spoken."

He got up and grasped the head constable's hand and shook it warmly. The dark, deep-sunken, resolute eyes shone with a brightness not all their own.

"Very well," said Cassidy, now at his ease and in good-humor. "The district inspector is a nice, gentlemanly fellow, and clever too; but the relations between him and me are purely official, and must continue purely official. He's very young, and seems willing to leave this case in my hands, and now that I fear murder, I begin to feel the responsibility about as much as I can bear. If anything goes wrong with this case I know everything will go wrong with me. I suppose this is the first time in the history of the police in this neighborhood that the officer in charge of a case offered, in good faith, to take into confidence one of those—" He paused.

"One of those who is suspected," said McDonnell, finishing the sentence for him.

"Well, I was not going to put it that way; but it will do, if it does not make you angry."

"It would require more than an awkward phrase to make me angry to-day."

"Let me say one thing more," said the policeman. "If you and I are to have a chat now and then, you must take care of what you say—"

"Oh, I know," laughed the teller, grimly. "For anything I say may be used in evidence against me."

"Well, again, that isn't exactly the way I was going to put it; but you understand?"

"Perfectly. Now I have one condition to impose."

"Name it."

"That the moment you lose faith in me you will let me know."

"There's my hand on that," said Cassidy. The two shook hands again.

"If," said the teller, "anything should destroy your confidence in me, you might not like to face me with the news. I shall know I am no longer in your good graces if I get a blank sheet of paper in an envelope. And I promise not to try to escape."

"All right; and I hope from this until the day I die I may never fire a blank cartridge at your head," said Cassidy, with a laugh.

"It might be kinder of you to fire at my heart with ball," said McDonnell, gravely.

"I'll not have to fire at you with either blank or ball. We're going to find the thief and the money. Another reason for my speaking freely to you is, that you are nearly as much interested as I am. I'm glad the Fool is out of the running, for he was the hardest nut to crack. It would be as easy to believe the notes vanished into thin air as that O'Hoolaghan made love to them."

"Now that we are pledged to one another you might tell me whom you suspect," said McDonnell, sitting down, crossing his legs and looking keenly at the policeman.

"You see, a fellow is no sooner out of one difficulty with this blessed case than he is into another. At the barracks I as good as had my mind made up Dumb Slattery did the job, and hove the Fool into the river. As I was coming along the street I heard a strange rumor. You must know that Sam O'Gorman is now giving out that he is going to pay off Butler's mortgages—"

"Eh!" cried McDonnell, coloring under his scratches and plasters.

"You know that when O'Gorman came back he tried to borrow a pound or two, that he failed, and that he then threw himself on the Butlers?"

"Yes, I heard so much," said the other, with a powerful effort to conceal his excitement.

"Now he says he's going to pay Butler's debts."

"But why pay off Butler's debts, even supposing he has the money?"

"I don't know for certain. Why was old Corcoran going to pay off the mortgages?" asked the head constable, significantly. "I think if you had a drop of whisky handy you ought to take it. I'm tiring you with my talk," he added, noticing a sudden change in the other.

The young man had turned pale and was clutching the arms of his chair.

"No, no," he cried hoarsely. "I'm all right. These scratches on my face smart."

"So they must—so they must. I think you are wonderfully patient with them. I couldn't go out to an apothecary's and get you anything for them?" asked the policeman, glad of a chance of referring to McDonnell's hurts, in the hope of hearing how they had come about.

"Thank you, they have ceased to bother me for the present, though I have no doubt they will annoy me again." He smiled grimly. "Go on with your story, and if they do make me wince I'll be obliged if you don't notice it."

"Well, as I was coming here I heard Billy Butler is in town and has been paying off a decree for seventy-eight pounds, and that he paid it with a one hundred Bank of Ireland note!"

"What!"

"Billy Butler couldn't yesterday raise five pounds if his life depended upon it, and to-day he paid seventy-eight pounds Burke, the hardware man, had against him for machines and repairs."

"And—and," stammered the teller, "what do you make of that?"

"Begor, that's one of the questions I am hoping you might help me to answer."

The young man dropped his face on his hand and suddenly chuckled up his head with an exclamation of pain. "Confound these scratches!" He rose, and began walking about. His brows were drawn down, his breath came quickly through his set teeth. At length he flung himself down in his chair, exclaiming, "I can make nothing of it! I begin to think with Slattery that the infernal powers must have had a hand in the affair."

"Remember," said the head constable, with a grave smile, as he raised a warning finger, "the money was in notes, and if the Old Boy laid a finger on them they're in ashes now."

"I envy you in being able to muster a joke at such a time. According to you it is likely to be a swinging matter for some one?"

The head constable shifted his legs and cleared his throat. "You see, what I heard about Butler and the hundred-pound note throws cold water on Slattery being the man. Butler had no wish for his daughter to marry Corcoran, only for the money. He knew the lord was getting the cash, and he may have been aware 'twas in O'Brien's Castle Wednesday night. Suppose he opened all his mind to Sam O'Gorman, and Sam went across the Pass and paid an earlier visit to the Castle than he one but himself is the wiser of. What do you think of that?"

"You don't believe either Butler or O'Gorman is out of his mind?"

"I don't."

"And you fancy I have still some reason left?"

"As much as any man in Ballymore."

"Then, Cassidy, I can make more of the case than I can of you."

"How is that?"

"Do you mean to say you imagine that, supposing O'Gorman got hold of Corcoran's money, and Butler held a hundred pounds of it, Butler would come into town and lay down one of the notes on any man's desk?"

"But suppose O'Gorman got Corcoran's money, unknown to Butler, and told Butler he had found it growing on a gooseberry bush in Australia, and Butler believed him, what then?"

"If that were so, would O'Gorman be such an idiot as to let Butler sport one of the notes before the eyes of Ballymore?"

"But O'Gorman may have persuaded himself and Butler that he got the money in Australia. He has been taking a drop."

"He deserves the hangman's drop if he could be such a madman. I owe no particular love to Sam, or to Butler, but in or out of Bedlam you couldn't get any couple of men to do what you attribute to this pair. Why, if I were one of them I'd rather be accused of the crime itself than of such folly; but to suppose any man or pair of men could commit the crime and the folly is to expect too much of man in this degenerate age."

Cassidy rose. "I must be going now. I'm sorry I took up so much of your time. Haven't you any advice to give me?"

"Only to put Butler and O'Gorman out of your head and not to give up the search for O'Hoolaghan. I haven't the least faith in his death."

"Well, we'll see."

"As you have been so good as not only to believe I'm not the man, but to give me your confidence, and as I am, to improve upon your own words, more concerned in the case than you, I'll try to have something to say to you to-morrow. I have a little expedition in my head which I will not mention now, for it may come to nothing; but by to-morrow I shall know. I want to go out for a few hours, but I can't stir until after sunset on account of these beauty marks on my face."

"For the present, good-by, Mr. McDonnell, and I'm much obliged to you for standing me so long. After long dealings with no one but the force and the magistrates, it's a treat to talk to a human being."

CHAPTER XX.

"THEN YOU HAVE OLD CORCORAN'S MONEY?"

"EVERY PENNY."

A FEW minutes after Cassidy left, the manager of the South of Ireland Bank was announced.

"Come to see what is the matter, and how you are getting on," said Dwyer, cheerfully.

"I've just had a visitor who came to see that I'm not going off," said McDonnell, as he set a chair for his chief.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the manager. "And who was that?"

"Mr. Matthew Cassidy, head constable of Ballymore."

"Cassidy! The head constable!" cried Dwyer, drawing back, wrinkling his forehead upward for a moment, and then frowning. "What on earth brought that impudent fellow here?" he asked indignantly.

"Oh, I don't resent his visit. He called—well, let us say to inquire after my health."

"Ah, of course. And how are you? I see your face is a little out of order."

"It is hurt, and my hands are scratched. I'm not physically or morally fit for office purposes. I am, a disfigured and suspected man."

"I see a few scratches," said Dwyer, with emphasis, which implied that the physical, and only the physical, blemishes were before him. At the moment he felt very kindly toward his teller; for he believed the injuries were self-inflicted to account for an absence from the bank counter which, in existing circumstances, was by no means undesirable. "How on earth did you get hurt? A fall?"

"Yes; and for the present, sir, if you can be satisfied with that brief history, I should feel obliged."

"My dear Mr. McDonnell, I'm very sorry for your misfortune and perfectly satisfied with your explanation—perfectly satisfied." He spoke with the greatest vigor and cordiality. "And now that I know what the matter is," he went on eagerly, "I enjoin upon you not to think of business until every trace of your hurts has disappeared."

Dwyer's manner seemed to strike McDonnell, and he kept his eyes fixed on the manager without speaking. The latter talked and behaved like a man who has something to say and is feeling ill at ease until it is said. He went on—

"To tell you the truth, I don't think you have been quite the thing of late. You see, you have been suffering from those horrible toothaches—"

"One toothache, sir," said the other, strictly.

Dwyer started at the harshness of the teller's voice. "Of course, one—that is, you complained of but one. I may be wrong, but I had an idea you suffered many and told of but one."

"No," said McDonnell firmly. "One—only one."

"Well, well," said Dwyer, put out by the attitude of the other, and confused a little by the consciousness that he himself was making out a case, and not proceeding with any great candor. "We all know that a toothache is not a very serious evil. But it is painful, and may indicate a system run down—a system below par. Ha, ha, ha!—a system below par. Ha, ha, ha!"

He laughed artificially at this hackneyed application of a financial term to a condition of health.

"Yes," said the teller, in an uncompromising tone. Again the kind-hearted manager started. Every moment he was growing more uneasy. He threw an anxious glance at the door as if he would give a trifle to be at the other side of it.

"As I was saying, it may indicate a system run down; and now that you have got these trifling scratches which will make you like to keep indoors for a while—"

"I purpose going out, sir, this evening."

"Of course, you must have exercise and air. But, as I was saying, I thought I would come to see how you were getting on, and tell you that any leave which you may require, a fortnight or so—"

"Am I dismissed, sir?"

"Dismissed!" He jumped out of his chair. "Why, bless my soul, what do you mean? What makes you ask such an absurd question? You dismissed! You, the hope of the whole bank!"

"Am I suspended?"

"What on earth for?"

"On account of the association of my name with the robbery of Corcoran."

"Only you are so run down, you would never dream of asking such a question."

"Am I suspended, sir? Perhaps you did not catch my question. It was, Am I suspended?"

"No. Nothing of the kind. You will be all right after a fortnight or three weeks' holiday—"

"I didn't apply for holidays."

"But you're not fit for duty."

"That's your opinion, sir?"

"Certainly. There can't be two opinions about it."

"No, sir, when that is your opinion there can be no other opinion about it," said the young man, bitterly.

"I thought you would be delighted to have two or three weeks."

"I would prefer them later in the year."

"But May and June are two of the pleasantest months."

"It is not May or June with me now, sir. It is mid-winter."

"Eh?" queried Dwyer, who had heard perfectly.

"What I said is not worth repeating. I am very much obliged to you for calling, Mr. Dwyer."

"You will write to me and tell me how you get on. Now, good-by, and I hope you'll have a good time and come back to us, quite set up in health."

"And reputation."

"Set up in every way."

And then McDonnell was alone.

He put one hand to his battered forehead and the other on the back of a chair to steady himself.

"Now, indeed, I am free," he muttered—"free in love, free in business. I can go where I like. Well, I can hear the water of the weirs, but I am not come to the river yet. The river is always ready. I am in deeper water than ever flowed between its banks. I am in an ocean of waters. But I am breathing still, and to breathe I will continue as long as I can hold my head up."

"Hold my head up! Oh, God, shall I ever hold my head up again? Poor Dwyer thought I did not see through his little farce of the holidays. A weak, good-natured creature he is. But who should know better than I that I am now unclean in the view of all commercial men?"

"There, there! I must not give way to sentiment. I must live a while longer, and I will. It's rather hard on a fellow short of thirty, and who a week ago had everything to live for—had everything he cared for within his reach."

"After all, death is a trifle when life is over. But I must not go to the river yet. The river is always ready. I am not ready—yet. In this fate which has come upon me I see no hand of man. That is the worst of it, I am afraid of no man. No man could make me afraid. I feel in the iron grip of destiny. I feel as though my end is decreed, and I am designed to be a passive spectator of my own destruction."

"I have only one weapon—time. If time fail me, I have but one resource—the river. But I must put such thoughts out of my head. All that need be of such thoughts, the last hour I measure by minutes, when I stand upon the river's brink."

He dropped into a chair.

He sat motionless as the dead. His hands rested on his knees. His head dropped low on his chest. His eyes were bent on the floor, but they saw nothing. Little by little the excitement of the two interviews died out of him, and was succeeded by a torpor in which all consciousness of exterior things left him. Yet he was not in a sleep, or a trance, or a faint. His senses and faculties were out of use, not dormant.

As night fell his condition changed. Thoughts and images began to float through his mind. He saw the river once again—not as death's abysmal gulf, but as the fresh, sweet stream which great trees had come to from far and near, to lean over and drink of its soothing airs and placid loveliness. He saw the garden of his childhood, with its flowers and bees and butterflies and dewy hedge; and then, through the garden of his childhood, he saw Mary coming. She was trailing a long yellow gossamer scarf after her through the grass, singing as she came. A voice seemed to whisper in his ears, "That is your Mary!" And with these ghostly words the numbness passed away from him, and he sat up.

He felt as though he had drunk some delicious draught which filled his veins and all the substance of his nature with peace and strength. He was able to consider calmly matters which a few hours before drove him wild.

Although it was dark now, the world seemed all bright and fair. The hideous doom which a while ago appeared to have fallen upon him had lifted. He was no longer a being singled out for prodigious calamity, but a healthy man in a desperate strait. He had not yet been even suspended by the bank, and Mary was still unmarried and her own mistress. He had done right in giving her back her troth while this dreadful cloud hung over him. But the cloud would be dispersed, and then Mary could take his hand again, if she chose, and choose she would.

He seemed to see the affair of O'Brien's Castle more clearly, much more clearly, than before. He had recommended the policeman to continue his search for the Fool. He had thought the finding of O'Hoolaghan would be the solution of the mystery. At that time he had an idea that some information might be got out of Slattery, but not much. Now he imagined the O'Hoolaghan branch of the inquiry would never yield up the secret, and that the Slattery branch was far and away the more promising. When he thought the Slattery branch the worse he had kept it for himself. Now he thought it the better, and he was glad he had kept it for himself. Was it not as though fortune had already turned in his favor, thus to find the better clew in his hand?

When Cassidy was with him he had resolved to go to the Dark Pool as soon as night fell. It was dark now, few people would be abroad, and no one would notice his face.

The weather was cold for the season. He put on an overcoat and turned up the collar, and a traveling-cap, and pulled the cap over his forehead and tied the ear-flaps over his ears.

He crossed the Old Bridge and took to the ruined path. Here a little caution was necessary in the dark, for there were stones and holes, and slimy mosses edging little pools. But by picking his way carefully he got along without accident. The solitude was intense, and would have depressed him, only for the good spirits he was in. He reflected that Slattery would be more communicative to him than to a policeman, and that the mental troubles induced in Slattery by the events of Wednesday night would now be on the decline.

The cottage was already in sight, and, late as it was, he thought he saw a glow from the left side, where the little forge stood in the penthouse.

When within twenty yards of the hut, suddenly, as though it had risen out of the ground, the figure of a man stood beside him.

"Are yeh lookin' for Dumb Slattery?" asked the man.

"I am."

"Well, I'm him."

"I want to have a little chat with you."

"About the money stole from the ould lord?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad yeh kem; it's goin' mad, I think, I am about it."

"How is that?"

"I haven't anny aise or quietness sence it kem here."

"Since it came here! Then you have old Corcoran's money?"

"Every penny. But if I had a stone-weight of red-hot Kilkenny coal in me vitals, I couldn't be more roasted."

McDonnell could hardly draw his breath.

"What!" he thought, "already on the threshold of success and deliverance!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NAILER'S FORGE FIRE BY NIGHT.

McDONNELL clutched Slattery's shoulder for support. "Wait a minute," he whispered. He was more knocked down than he had been that afternoon when Dwyer left him. He had come that lonely, rotting road in good spirits and good hope. But now that he felt escape from his hideous position at hand, he recognized that he had started with little cause for his good spirits or hope. The fact that this money was within a few yards overcame him like a great splendor. All troubles vanished out of life, and he found himself in the presence of a glory he had never before dreamed of.

His character was cleared. It would be all the better in the eyes of men for this brief obscurity. Now once more the road of the brilliant career foretold for him was open. To-morrow he could say to Mary, "My name is good once more. Will you give me the hand dearer to me than all the world besides?"

His exultation was interrupted by Slattery.

"If it was robbin' you of yer last penny, instead of puttin' yeh on the thrack of a fortune, yeh couldn't be more cowardly. Shake much more and yer teeth will fall out. If I had wan person comin' to-day about that money I had fifty. It's over the town that I seen the ghost of O'Brien's Castle. But I didn't tell anny of them people about the money. I heard a young fellow in the bank was suspected."

Dumb Slattery's excitement and fury against the people who had interrupted him at his work made him almost glib, and his words rushed from him in a torrent.

"Yes, I am that man."

"Them other unreasonable people kem to me whin I was at my work, but you kem when I had knocked off. I told them people about the ghost, but sorrow a word about the tin."

"And are you going to tell me now?"

"I am. I wouldn't have it on me mind for another night, to say nothin' about them people destroyin' me about me work."

"I suppose you don't want to tell me how you came by the money?"

"What for would I?"

"Well, you are telling me a very important thing now. But it isn't my business to find out how you came by the money. What is a matter of life and death to me is what you mean to do with it."

"I'm here all be mese-f, and I am on'y a dawshy bit of a man to yeh, an' yeh could sling me into the river, if yeh were properly tempted. An' it isn't for the likes of me to put too much temptation in the way of a fine, clever man like yeh. But I'll show yeh the money. On'y I want to be safe."

"And what do you suppose I will do?"

"Well, I d'n know, but I don't want Cassidy to come foilin' me at me work. I want yeh to take the money an' give me a resait for it. Every penny that the ould lord had I put in a blue paper sugar-bag. If I give it up all to yeh, yeh must undertake that nayther hurt nor harmum is to come near me."

"I'm not sure that can be managed, but I will do my best, if that will satisfy you."

"More than yer best yeh can't. But I won't have peelers an' people talkin' to me an' idlin' me time. I won't answer for me timper if fools come whin I want to do me work an' earen me few pennies from ould Corrie Pendergas. Mind," he cried fiercely, "I won't have it, an' the 'll be bad work if I'm not left alone."

In the dim light he held up his threatening fist within an inch of McDonnell's face.

"Well, now, what are we to do?" asked the young man, who had by this time regained possession of himself.

"Go into the cabin, an' I'll show yeh."

They were standing opposite the door.

"The 's no light. I'll give yeh a glim in a minute."

McDonnell entered the hut. The place was pitch dark except for a slight glow which came through the one small window overlooking the little forge in the penthouse. The door had been open. McDonnell was no sooner inside than Slattery shut it, and, to the teller's surprise, hapsed it on the outside.

Feeling about, McDonnell approached the small window overlooking the forge. As he reached it he heard the bellows blow and saw the light of the fire leap up.

The bottom of the window was as high as his shoulder. The window was unglazed. Wind and rain were excluded by a piece of tarpaulin, which hung across it when wind or rain prevailed. To-night there was

neither wind nor rain, and the opening was unprotected, so that McDonnell could see into the penthouse.

At the bellows Slattery was working with furious vigor, the flames rose as high as the window, and showers of sparks flew upward in the still night air. Beyond the fire the teller could dimly see the low projecting shoulder of the island, and still further off the gleam of the silent river, and above the river the hills, asleep.

The strong light of the forge illumined Slattery's features, as facing the window he tugged at the bellows. With a cry of dismay McDonnell sprang back a pace from the window. In the darkness outside the hut he had not been able to see clearly the face of the nailer. Whether the face had changed in the meantime he could not know. But now there was no doubt of the character of the man before him. Dumb Slattery was not a talkative idiot but a raging maniac!

Slattery thrust the handle of the bellows up and pulled it down with both hands, as though his object was to blow the small coal of the fire off the hearth. What desperate purpose was in this maniac's mind? Why had he fastened the door of the hut on the outside? What did he mean by his frantic labor at the bellows? Some dire purpose must be in his mind, some fell design of vengeance. No rods were in the fire. They would have dropped in melting gout if held in the blinding radiance for a moment.

McDonnell glanced round him for a second. He could now make out every part of the hut. He saw a wide, deep chimney and hearth, a ragged stretcher-bed, two or three cooking utensils, a few bundles of nail-rod iron standing in a corner, two three-legged stools, a few clothes hanging from nails on the wall, rabbit skins depending from the rafters, a common, rickety deal table, and that was all.

Why had Slattery locked him in this miserable room? Why had this man, reputed to be the most silent in the town, suddenly burst into garrulous communicativeness? Why was this nailer, with the reputation of extreme stinginess, burning coal for nothing? Why was he, who had a moment ago complained of being interrupted in his work, now working with such frenzied zeal at barren labor?

McDonnell stepped back to the window, and cried: "Slattery! Slattery! what are you doing? Let me out—let me out!"

"Let you out! Divil a fut, till I show yeh ould Corcoran's money," he answered, in jerks.

"But there's light enough to see the town clock now."

"Tisn't light I want, but hate," said the other, intermitting his labors at the bellows. "It's makin' a bonfire, I am. All day long millions and millions of people kem here stoppin' me work an' takin' the bread and the yellow male out of me gob—robbin' me as certain as if they put their hand in me pocket. I want to show yeh ould Corcoran's money now, so that whin yeh go back to Ballymore yeh can tell the people yeh seen the money, and where yeh seen it, and then they won't come stoppin' me work, an' I hard set to get bite an' sup out of shrivin' from week's end to week's end, and ould Corney Pendergas livin' in luxury on the sweat of me brow."

"But you said you would hand me the money if I gave you a receipt for it."

"Oh, wait a while, me boy, an' I'll show yeh it. There's the fire gettin' cowlid again, an' I wantin' it white as snow."

He resumed his furious blowing at the bellows.

McDonnell felt like one struck with sickness. What was this dreadful man going to do? Did he intend to revenge the injury he had suffered from his numerous callers to-day on the latest caller of all? Did he mean to fling the white-hot coal on the thatch and burn down the hovel over his visitor's head?

The young man looked around him frantically. He darted to the door and flung himself against it, but it stood like iron. He took up a three-legged stool and beat it against the planks. But they gave out a dull solid sound like blows upon a baulk. He darted back to the window.

"Yeh might hammer that doore till the ould carrion crows wake up in the mornin', an' yeh'd be no better off it."

"Why don't you let me out?"

"Because I want to show yeh ould Corcoran's money, an' if I let yeh out, maybe it's robbin' me you would be."

"Show me the money at once and let me out."

"Wait till I get a good heart in the fire again."

He heaped up the coal and blew with all his might. As soon as the flames were again darting upward through the coal, and the core of the fire could be seen white as silver, he stooped and picked up a pound sugar-bag of stout blue paper.

"The 's ould Corcoran's money for yeh, and the 's to the flames an' to the divil wud it, an' my heavy curse go wud it, an' all the rookcallin' omdahns that want to know about the ghost an' the money."

He thrust a small shovel into the middle of the fire and dug a pit where the coal lay white as sunlit apple-blossoms.

"Merciful heavens, what are you going to do?"

"Bury it in the pit of—"

McDonnell roared, "Madman! You are burying my body and soul!"

"An' a good job, too! Yeh, wud yer broken face, is the sort of customer they're proud to pull the green rushes for down below."

With these words he thrust the blue paper-bag into the middle of the fire, stepped back, folded his arms and laughed derisively at the man in the window.

With a swift glance McDonnell looked right and left of the window. Seconds were of vital importance. Already a chalice of golden flame stood above the bag. It was impossible for him to get through that small window. Straight on or diagonally; arms thrust through, or legs thrust through, he could not pass. For one moment of despair he stood still and groaned. Then, swift as the leap of the flame of the fire, an idea sprang into his head.

He darted from the window, seized the table, and placed it under the window, caught a bundle of nail-rod iron, sprang on the table, and with one mighty blow of the iron shattered the rotten window-sash. Then, seizing the framework of the window, he raised his feet against the wall level with his hands, and tugged and tore with all the might of muscle in back, in leg, in arm.

With a screech, the crazy woodwork yielded, and tearing away from its holds, came with him, and he fell flat on his back on the earthen floor.

For a second he was dazed, then on his feet, then on the table, then face up, feet first through the window, then face down on the sill, and then on the ground outside before the owner of the hut knew what was happening.

Quick as lightning he darted his hand into the fiery pool and plucked out the burning mass.

"You'll have to pay me for the damage to my place,"

said Slattery, in a quiet voice.

He was still standing with his arms folded.

"Pay you for the damage to your hovel, you madman, and thousands of pounds burning before your eyes!"

"No matter what was burning, you'll have to pay me all the same."

"You may thank your stars if you get off with less than five years for Wednesday night and this night's work."

"Well, yeh have all the money of Corcoran's that I have, an' p'rhaps it isn't as much as you expected. But maybe you and the other omdahns will lave me in pace to go on with me work to-morrow, an' keep me engagement wud him that may or may not be your uncle-in-law wan of these days."

He turned on his heel and walked away.

McDonnell had flung the blazing salvage down on the ground and trampled its fire out. He stooped and picked it up. With cautious, trembling fingers and heart that beat tumultuously, he opened the charred mass. The bag was burned through; its contents were singed and burned here and there, but being tightly folded paper, they had resisted total destruction.

McDonnell opened out what he had found in the bag. By the glow of the hearth he saw it was a copy of the "Ballymore Herald"—nothing more! Staggering back with a groan, he fell against the wall of the hut. From the topmost peak of hope he had dropped to the lowest pit of despair.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ANGER OF TWENTY YEARS.

NEXT day was Saturday, the busiest day of the week in Ballymore. Hundreds of farmers were in from the country to sell their produce and to buy groceries, and clothes, and ironmongery, and other things which the fields do not supply.

The story of Corcoran's loss and the circumstances connected with it were the only subject of general interest. Opinions differed in detail, but on the main points all were agreed. Corcoran was an old fool to think of marrying a young girl; he was a presumptuous old fool to fix his eye on the prettiest girl in the barony; he was a stupid old fool to sell his property, and there were no words to express the folly of a man who could draw seven to eight thousand pounds out of the bank and store it in a rickety, tumble-down place like his.

People wondered to find he had so much property. People fumed at Butler for promising his daughter to a man of Corcoran's years and infirmities. People believed that the Fool must have become rational in face of such a stupendous temptation, stolen the money, and be in hiding. People were inclined to take McDonnell's part, and some even went so far as to say it would seriously injure the bank if he were not again found at his counter.

McDonnell said nothing about the encounter with O'Gorman. He did not wish to bring Mary's name into people's mouths in connection with such an affair. O'Gorman said nothing of the encounter, because he remembered nothing of it. And by noon on Saturday it got about the town that McDonnell had gone to Slattery's the night before to see if the nailer knew anything of the robbery, and had been mauled by the latter so as not to be fit for business. This version of the night before tended to improve the teller's position in the public mind, for it was not likely that he would set out on any such expedition if he possessed guilty knowledge of the money.

There had never before been such a story in the town, and it seemed impossible to use all the points of view from which it might be examined. The notion that Sam O'Gorman had brought thousands of pounds into the town was regarded as about as likely as that he had brought the Bank of Ireland from College Green.

Billy Butler was down in the town and spoke with confidence to two or three men of his ability to pay his debts within a week. He did not say where the money was coming from. He appeared cheerful and at his ease as far as funds were concerned; but when any reference was made to his daughter he frowned and became silent.

Friendly relations had not been restored between him and his wife; for the first time in all their married years a day had gone over without their exchanging a word beyond the words necessary in the conduct of the house or the farm.

Butler regarded himself as an injured, an outraged man. His daughter had fled to the hostile camp, his wife had declared for the enemy.

That day Cassidy found no trace of the Fool, no clew to the money. He went early to Anne Street for a chat with McDonnell. The young man described to him the events of the night at Slattery's, winding up by saying, "And now, in addition to my cuts, I have a singed right hand, and nothing at all for my trouble but the certainty Slattery is not the thief and that he knows nothing of the money."

"And how do you come to be certain of that?"

"Are you going on the supposition that Slattery is mad?" asked the teller.

"Well, I think he is touched at least."

"It seems to me he is only touched in so far as he is affected by the visits of those people."

"The visits are mostly imaginary. I don't suppose more than five people went next or near him."

"He said millions; but I allowed a trifling discount off that."

"I think you safely might; five per cent anyway. But do you think he can be acting mad for the purpose of hiding what he may know?"

"I am as sure as I can be of anything that it is not so, for he could never have supposed I would get at the fire in time to find out what he had put in it. It was

clearly his intention that I should believe he burned the notes, and if he was in his right mind he would know that to burn the notes was a guilty act for which the law could punish him. In fact, if I hadn't snatched that paper out of the fire, and if I told you my story, you would very likely put him under lock and key."

"Nothing surer," said Cassidy, nodding his head.

"Well then, don't you see his action was that of a madman. No doubt his taciturn and secretive mind was driven wild by the number of callers, and the trick he played on me was a desperate endeavor to rid himself of an annoyance which he found intolerable."

"And have you any suggestion to make me?"

"Nothing fresh. I am even blunter than I was last night. Keep on the track of O'Hoolaghan."

"Begad, I wish I had a sign of his track! I have no more trace of the Fool than of Moses. Well, I'll quit," and he left.

Sunday was a blank. At Cascade Cottage neither Butler nor his wife made any attempt at reconciliation. Each was careful to say nothing, to do nothing which could displease the other. No reference was made to Corcoran. No reference was made to O'Gorman, who had gone to Dublin on Saturday night, and was expected back on Wednesday morning.

Between Saturday and Wednesday the conditions were unaltered at Cascade Cottage, at Anne Street, and at Prendergast's. Having heard of the injuries which McDonnell had received, Prendergast deferred his visit to the young man. He had known the teller in the bank, had often met him about the town. He was very glad the young man had not been arrested. It would have ruined his plan of vengeance if McDonnell had been locked up. For then, of a certainty, the marriage could not take place. Even supposing Mary's lover were not committed to the assizes there would be delays which might prove fatal to his scheme. He went to Cassidy, and told him he was prepared to vouch for the innocence of the teller. He went to the district inspector, and appealed to the romantic side of that young man's character. He explained the affair between the two young people, and said that he would answer for the honor and honesty of the bank clerk.

Both these officials assured him of their sympathy, and expressed a hope that no action would be needed in the direction of Anne Street.

On Wednesday morning Sam O'Gorman arrived from Dublin. He went to the Kilkenny Hotel, and gathered all the gossip. Then, with a light step and collected air, he set off for Cascade Cottage.

When he and Butler were alone, he said, "I have Bank of Ireland notes for the money in my pocket, but I want to say a few words before we go further. I hear that Corney Prendergast has declared about town that Mary is to marry McDonnell from his house."

"Now, McDonnell is under a cloud. He is suspended, or as good as suspended, at the bank. He has no situation, no future before him. You are the girl's father. You set your face against her marriage with him. When I spoke to you first about the money, I said I wasn't a marrying man. Suppose I made up my mind to live a steady life, and suppose I told you she is the only girl that ever took my fancy, would you give her to me?"

For a while the old man stared at the young one, then he said, with profound astonishment and suspense: "If you had told me that the hills were standing on their heads, you couldn't surprise me more."

"I hardly know whether I myself am standing on my head or my heels while I'm speaking to you."

"Faith, and, Sam, you're doing neither, but sitting on a stout oak chair!"

"I know," went on the young man, "that Ellen has no great opinion of me, and that I caused a good deal of trouble and scandal when I lived with you. But I never did a really bad thing—I mean anything dishonorable—and I give you my word of honor I mean to turn over a new leaf. While I was away I kept wonderfully straight for me. I don't want you to decide at once. Take your time; but I think if you agree to give me Mary, it would make a good man of me."

The father's face darkened; he clinched and unclenched his hands; he did not speak.

O'Gorman took his silence and his nervous motions for disapproval of himself, and went on:

"You may think it's a very sudden notion on my part, and so it is. But when I arrived home a week ago and saw Mary, something came over me—I did not then know what—something that seemed to tell me I never could have a home unless she was in it."

Butler's face worked convulsively; he moved his arms to and fro; he stared blankly at O'Gorman.

"Don't decide against me; give me a trial. Keep your answer for six months or a year. I did not think you thought me such a scamp as to say 'No' offhand."

Butler got up, stood on the hearthrug, and leaned his broad back against the mantel-shelf. At last he spoke. His voice was hoarse and thick, his shoulders shook, his face flushed.

"I am not thinking bad of you, Sam O'Gorman; I am thinking bad of others."

"Of others?"

"Yes; of my daughter and my wife. My daughter has defied me and left my house. My wife's body is in the house, but her heart is with the rebellious girl. My word counts for nothing with either. The worst recommendation you could have to the girl is her father's consent. The worst recommendation you could have to the wife is her husband's approval."

"Isn't the quarrel made up yet?"

"No; and it seems to me it never can."

There was something in the manner and speech of the old man which made O'Gorman pause.

After a while Butler went on:

"I have been used to this place all my life, and I think I shall die if I were put out of it."

"There's no fear of that, anyway," said Sam. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a packet. He went to the mantel-shelf and laid the packet on it, saying, "That's the notes for eight thousand pounds. If you like, we'll say no more about the matter I was speaking of until you are more comfortable in your mind."

"I have been used to this place and my own way all my life," went on the farmer, not heeding Sam's interruption, "and my wife and I have lived forty years together, and my child with us more than twenty years,

and it's hard at my time of life to lose wife and child at once, and it is harder still when they do not go the way of death, but of willfulness which is a fault. You heard me in this room threatened with the big body of Prendergast, the rogue."

"There—there, don't think of it, Bill."

"Don't think of it! Why, 'tis in the middle of my heart, like a poisoned spear, and day and night it cuts the flesh of my heart. But, by the Lord who made me, I'll bear it no longer. I'll go to that big robber, and show him the anger of twenty years."

And taking no notice of the money on the chimney-piece, he strode out of the room like a bursting storm.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CORCORAN UNDER BUTLER'S PROTECTION.

FOR several minutes after Butler left the parlor, O'Gorman sat deep in thought. At last he rose, muttering:

"Billy is in a blind rage, and there's no saying what he might do. Why, he has actually run off without the money!"

He snatched the bundle of notes off the mantel-shelf and rushed out after the farmer.

Meanwhile, Butler was walking along Keating's Walk at the top of his speed toward the town. Before the young man gained the Walk by the small door Butler had covered more than half-way down the hill. In spite of his bulk and his age, he was striding along at a tremendous pace.

"There would be a nice how-do-you-do if he met Corney Prendergast this minute," muttered Sam. "If he keeps on that rate there won't be a kick or a puff in him at the bridge. Whether he likes my company or not, into the town he doesn't go alone in his present humor."

Sam began to run.

The elder man did not slacken speed. When he reached the road through the Pass, Sam had got more than half-way down the western hill, and although the sound of Sam's footfalls must have carried to the elder man, the farmer took no notice—never stopped, never turned his head; he did not hear. He crossed the road and began to climb the eastern hill.

"Faith!" thought his pursuer, "he has surprising wind for a man of his time of life. I might get the better of him in half a mile, but I have my doubts as to how a five-mile race would end. I'm not going to puff myself, for if I did I could never keep up walking with him when I overtake him."

Sam fell into a sling trot which covered little more ground than the walking strides of the man in front.

Now Butler had gained the ascent of Keating's Walk on the eastern hill, and was breasting it at lessened pace but unabated vigor.

A sling trot is difficult up a steep hill. When O'Gorman had crossed the road and found himself facing a hill where the ground in front seemed within reach of his hand he dropped into a walk, reflecting, "I'll easily overtake him on the level ground."

Above the neglected lane which led downward from O'Brien's Castle to Keating's Walk the Walk ran level along the side of the hill.

As Butler reached the end of O'Brien's lane the figure of the hunchback confronted him.

The farmer drew up abruptly as though he had come against a stone wall.

"Are you on your way to town, William Butler?" asked Corcoran, in a weak, piping voice.

For a moment the farmer was brought up in mind as well as in body. He was so absorbed in the idea of meeting Prendergast face to face after twenty years of smothered rage that he scarcely recognized Corcoran.

"Kill me, if you like, Billy Butler," said Corcoran, thinking Butler's black looks were meant for him. "You have only to lay your hand on me to do it. But I meant you no harm, and I did you no wrong willfully." Corcoran looked with his weak blue eyes up at the portly giant before him.

"What is it, man? I am in a hurry," exclaimed Butler, breathing hard, and glancing down at the puny malformed being.

"Kill me, if you like, Billy Butler—I am half-killed already. My money is gone, and it was the light of my life, and I have a pain in my chest, and the limbs it pleased God to give me are all of a shake. But I meant to do you no harm. The shadow of your arm would kill me. Kill me if you like." The old man leaned on his stick, and raised his hand as if asking a favor of the other.

For a moment Butler stood silently regarding the hunchback. Then he realized that he knew no evil of this man; that this man had offered to get him out of grinding debt; that he had been a suitor for his daughter. "I have no grudge against you, my good Corcoran. I am sorry you lost your money. I hope you may get it back."

"When I stopped you now," said the trembling miser, "you stood over me like a tower, and I could feel the anger of your eyes burning up the substance of my body. But I never meant you any hurt, Billy Butler; it was the other way. I was thinking of going into town. I have a few things to do there, and I believe the she-devils of the lanes and alleys want to beat me to death. I thought if you were going to town, you, that I never hurt or harmed, might let me walk with you to keep these she-devils of the lanes from killing me in the street. I haven't much pride in my body, for less than man as I am, but I would not like to be beaten down and trampled to death by the viragos of the lanes."

Now Butler knew where he was. His manhood sprang to the front; the beast—fury of revenge—left him for the moment. The infinite tenderness of a strong man for a helpless child pierced his nature.

"Stephen Corcoran," he said solemnly, "I am on my way to town. I'll stroll with you wherever you are going, and I'll take damn good care no one lays a finger on you while I am lift a hand."

"It's," said the little man—"it's as if you were my brother."

"Or your father-in-law," Butler laughed.

"Ah," said Corcoran, "the trunk was blasted when the leaves fell. I am only a withered stump now that my money's gone."

"Then," said Butler, in a tone of strange and caressing tenderness which denied the joke further than it

might numb Corcoran's pain, "stir your stumps and let us be getting along."

With the considerate steps of a lady accommodating her pace to a frightened child's, Butler recommenced the ascent of the hill beside the little man.

"Butler, you had always the heart to be a lord, and I had only the body," said Corcoran.

"You had the heart to make an honest man of me." "Stop that," said the old man. "Would either of us be more honest if I had married your daughter?"

"Maybe you're no higher than my shoulder; but, after all, perhaps that saying of yours brings your head higher to heaven than any peak in the hills."

"The talk of such things is better than the things themselves could be if my money was not stolen. And who knows but the time may come when I will see the hand of God in the loss of my money. Since I spoke to you last I have been thinking a great deal. I have been all by myself; even the Fool is gone. I was no man to marry. I was no man to marry a young girl like your daughter—if you could call me a man at all. If I cared for your daughter and knew anything of good behavior, I might have made a will and left her the money."

They had reached the top of the acclivity. Butler felt reproved. Just because what the old man now said in no way bore upon the present state of the affair, it sank into Butler's heart.

"I don't think," said he, "either of the two of us would have had much to boast of if the marriage took place. I see the thing in a different way now. You are an old man, Corcoran. Would it be a fair question to ask if you had ever settled in your mind where your money is to go?"

"My money is gone now; it may or it may not come back. I don't mind answering your question if you tell me one thing."

"Oh, begor"—in a light-hearted way—"I am in that state of mind that I'd tell you anything."

"Well, my will says that every penny I die worth is to go to James McDonnell."

"And you're not worth a penny this minute?"

"No, beyond the castle and the few acres around it."

"I wouldn't take any trouble about that will, Corcoran, if I were you. The young fellow is out of the bank. Every one knows what you did for him. No one would give him a crust to earn. It will pinch him more to have the castle than no one would buy than a loose leg for Australia or the States. And now what's your question?"

"Well, I know McDonnell has his eye on Mary. I was not aware of that when I spoke to you first about her. She is not going to marry me, and she is not going to marry McDonnell."

"Not as long as I live."

"And she is not going to die single, and she is the prettiest girl between this and the sea. Have you any notion of the man that'll get her?"

"Billy, Billy!" cried a voice from behind, and Sam O'Gorman came panting up. He had the bundle of notes in his hands, and was flushed and blown.

The two stopped. They both turned round and faced the newcomer.

"What is it, Sam?" said Butler, his face suddenly darkening with the memory of the angry mission upon which he was bent.

"I was only going to town, and I thought you wouldn't mind my company. You left your money—your eight thousand pounds—on the chimney-piece in the parlor." Turning to Corcoran, he said: "I told them I could buy you out of house and home, and there's the money"—filiping the notes.

"Bank of Ireland hundreds! That's what my money was!" cried the little man. "That's my own money!" he yelled. "Oh, for the love and honor of God, if that's my money, give it back to me into my hands once more, Sam O'Gorman, and take everything else in life from me!"

"Why, Corcoran," said Butler, "one would think you believed Sam had robbed you!"

"And how do you know but he has? Who knows but he has? Didn't he come into my house and rummage it the morning my money was stolen?"

"Whist, man!" cried Butler. "I'll put all you think of me down on Sam's honesty."

"On paper?"

"On the Bible," said Butler, impressively.

"A bankrupt's oath in favor of a pauper's lie! Away with you! I expected good company to town, but then I thought I was going with one honest man, Butler. Now I find I might be going with a couple of rogues."

"Would you like," cried O'Gorman, "to smell hundred-pound notes for more than you lost by robbery? If you would, smell them." He filiped the notes again in the face of the hunchback.

"My notes—my money!" screamed the little man, snatching the bundle out of O'Gorman's hand.

With a yell of triumph he thrust the bundle into the breast of his coat, and running to Butler, cried:

"You promised you wouldn't let any one lay a finger on me. You're a bigger man than Sam. Throw him over the side of the path! Throw him down the cliff, and then let you and me run to the bank with my money—my money—my money!" Now he shot a look of wild entreaty at Butler, now a glance of mingled hate and fear at O'Gorman.

"I'll see that no one lays a finger on you," said Butler; "and, Sam, I don't think much of your treatment of Mr. Corcoran. You ought to remember his loss and his years."

"You won't let him lay a hand on me, Butler?"

"Faith, I won't ask to lay a hand on you. I'll give you in charge for highway robbery; and here is the very man I want coming along the walk."

The figure of Cassidy was rounding the bend of the walk.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRENDERGAST'S VISIT TO M'DONNELL.

WHILE these events were taking place on the mountain path, Cornelius Prendergast was on his way to visit McDonnell at Anne Street. He was an excellent man of business, accustomed to success in his enterprises. He had a dogged hopefulness which enabled him to overcome difficulties where a man of less sanguine temperament would fail.

For years he had borne the open statements of But-

ler that Prendergast had overreached him. For years he had waited for an opportunity of paying off his old score. Now such an opportunity offered as he had never dared to dream of. If he could get this bank clerk who lay under a foul and dishonoring suspicion to marry Butler's daughter, and if then this foul and dishonoring suspicion could be converted into a proven fact, he would reap a revenge the awfulness of which staggered his imagination. In a dark and tortuous way he was trying to persuade himself he acted as he professed to act—for the welfare of the young people. Outside his lips to a living soul he would never reveal his real design, his hideous hope. He should be able always to prove to others he had acted with the best intentions, and that his object in getting the young people married was to repay good for evil by securing for his enemy's daughter the man she loved, the most promising young man in the whole system of the South of Ireland Bank.

On sending up his name he was ushered into McDonnell's sitting-room. "Mr. Prendergast!" exclaimed the young man. "This is an unexpected honor."

"Honor, indeed! The honor is all wud me. There isn't a man in the barony but would hold it a pleasure to be let in here." He was shaking McDonnell cordially by the hand, and keeping his boyish, guileless-looking face turned toward him, but his shifty eyes cast down.

"Why," said the teller, bitterly, "the very air of this place is tainted, and you run the risk of being arrested as an accessory after the fact, for merely showing your nose inside the door."

"Arrah, don't be talkin', man! I didn't come here for play-actin', but for a salrious, sensible business chat. I'm goin' to sit down, although you didn't ax me." He suited the action to the words.

"It's no place to ask an honest man to sit down in."

"It's no place for a rogue, and that's the reason I'm here. The devil a man in Ballymore could hurt me character for honesty. Man and boy I'm known in the town for plain, honest dailin' all me life, an' if you wanted anything to preserve your good name I'd come to live wud ye for a bit or take yeh to me own house, an' if aither wouldn't put ye right wud the people of Ballymore, all the saints in the calendhar couldn't do it."

He uttered this speech with an offhand, debonaire manner, as though he meant the words to be taken lightly, while the spirit was to be regarded as grave—almost solemn.

"To say anything less than that I am deeply grateful to you for your words would be to act like a cur," said McDonnell. There was a slight trace of emotion in the young man's voice. He knew as well as any man in the town that Prendergast was, to say the best, a sharp man of business. But what interest of his own could the trader serve by these kind words? And then, again, had he not taken under his roof, into his house, the expelled daughter of his own old enemy?

"Well, that's all right, an' everythin' is fair and square for yeh an' me to go ahead wud the business in me mind. I towld yeh before that I'd put down a thousand golden pounds supposin' a thing that never can happen did happen."

"That you'd bail me if I were arrested?"

"To be sure. But there's no more chance of that than o' me findin' mese'f in quod. An' now for what I have to say: It was bad enough when that girrel at home, out of some foolish religious scruple or other, said she'd never marry wuddout her father's consent; but, from what I hear, yeh have some sort of romantic notion that's worse and worse. I was talkin' to me wife before I came out, and she an' me is of the wan opinion that the girrel will be dead in six months if you stick to what you said the other night."

"Ah," thought McDonnell, "now I can account for the unbusinesslike view of this man. It's his wife's view, not his own. For all he cares about me, they might tie a stone round my neck and chuck me into the river. But the romantic spirit of the woman is roused by the sight of the double misfortune of a pair of lovers. One expelled from her father's house, the other accused of a monstrous theft; one believing in the right of a father to a veto on her marriage, the other that suspicion of crime is a bar."

He said aloud, "Until I am cleared I cannot marry, whether 'tis for a week, or a month, or a year." He looked with his resolute eyes for the eyes of the other, but the eyes of the other were fixed on the wall.

"Suppose just for argument's sake you had ould Corcoran's money on yer sowl, would it make it anny better to add murder?"

"Eh!" shouted McDonnell, springing up as Cassidy's words recurred to him. "Do you, too, think I murdered the Fool as well as stole the money?"

"Have sinse! The Fool never crossed me mind. I was thinkin' of Mary Butler."

"What!"

"She is like a ghost, and she'll be a corpse before wint'her if yeh stick to yer outlandish tale of the other night."

This was an aspect of the affair which had not presented itself before. In his last meeting of Mary he had thought only of himself; that he would give up what he loved most on earth—Mary herself—rather than that she should come by injury or disgrace through him. Now he saw the matter in another light. Now he saw that what he had regarded as an act of self-sacrifice might cause terrible pain, absolute injury to the gentle being for whose happiness he would freely give his life. Until now he had not viewed the matter as it might appear to her, seeing it through the eyes of her love. He by a great effort of self-denial could say to her, "You are free." But what was this freedom he gave her? He had wooed her and won her to him. She had not at stake her character for honesty as he had. She had nothing at stake but her love. And if she lost her love would she lose all—happiness, hope, life?

Here he made a long pause in his thought, for the first time in all this trouble he lost his look of resolution.

Prendergast saw in one of his swift glances that his words had gone home, that the young man was in doubt. Instinct told him that once the lover was shaken his mind would veer round, and that the probability was McDonnell would end up by adopting the opinion he had just put forward. The old man sat motionless.

The teller paced the room with short, soft tread, the eyes of his body bent on the floor, the eyes of his mind

full of the image of the girl. He saw her pale, dispirited, languid. He saw her eyes without light, her manner without spirit, her gait without elasticity. He saw her alone in her room with a note of his and a flower he had given her in her hand. He saw her read the note. He saw her kiss the flower and lay it against her bosom.

He saw her young life emptied. He knew she believed him innocent. For love of him she was deprived of the only joy and support left now to her. He had taken all the force, all the brightness, all the joy of life from her. He handed her back her love as though it were a chattel—a thing to take or leave, as his imperious sense of honor chose. What did it matter to any one but him and her whether the mere formal engagement continued to exist?—if they loved one another now as they did that day when she owned her love?

She had left her father's home because she would not give him up; because she declared she would never marry any other man. What right had he to withdraw from an engagement, which was mutual, when she wished still to be bound? What right had he to do anything of himself in the matter where the hearts of both were concerned?

He stopped before Prendergast and looked up. "I cannot go out now," he said, pointing to his cut face.

"I know, me boy, I know," said Prendergast, heartily. "You fell into a gooseberry bush. I did not like to say anything about the scratches as you didn't spake of them."

The young man took no notice of this speech.

"I cannot go out now," he repeated; "but I will give you a note—I will do my best to unsay what I said the other night."

"That's right," said the other, heartily. "Bimeby you'll thank me for callin' here to-day, and tell me I had a hand in the best piece of work yeh ever done—I mean the writin' of that bit of a note."

McDonnell found pen, ink and paper, and wrote:

"MY DEAR MARY—Upon reflection, it seems to me I acted very selfishly in saying I must regard our engagement as at an end for the present. Of course, you understand that my only reason for saying such a thing was that I feared for your happiness while I am under this awful suspicion. I now think that as the love between us is unchanged and unchangeable, and as you have risked and braved so much for me, the engagement (that dearest bond of all my life) had better stand—if you can forgive me enough to forget my thoughtlessness in suggesting it should be otherwise. I write in haste and under difficulties, which make this a very tame note from me to you; but I think I may trust you to know that every pulse of my heart is yours, and that I am body and soul your own
JIM."

With this letter, duly closed and addressed, Prendergast went downstairs well satisfied with the result of his visit.

CHAPTER XXV.

CASSIDY'S ADVICE TO M'DONNELL.

As Head Constable Cassidy rounded the angle of Keating's Walk, Corcoran had one hand thrust into the breast of his shabby old frock-coat, clutching the notes, while with the other he clung to the arm of Butler for protection.

"I told you," said the farmer, looking down at the small figure clinging to him, "that I would answer for no one in the town laying an angry hand on you; but I didn't think then you were going to turn highway robber, and I didn't tell you I wouldn't protect you against yourself."

"But, good, kind, strong William Butler, you won't let any one take my money? It was stolen from me once by Sam O'Gorman, a man you could take by the nape of the neck and sling over the cliff."

"I'll protect you against yourself by taking the notes from you myself"—he gently but irresistibly withdrew the miser's hand from the coat and whisked the packet out of the weak grasp—"and so save you from being charged with robbery and found with the money in your possession."

With a shriek the hunchback gripped the coat of the farmer in both his skinny hands, and shouted in a treble voice, "I don't care about Cassidy! I don't care about jail! I don't care about hanging, drawing, and quartering—only give me back my money!"

The farmer thrust the notes into the inside breast-pocket of his shooting-jacket, and said, "The money is mine, not yours, and when you come to your senses you will thank me for keeping you out of the hands of the law."

"My money! My money!" screamed Corcoran, holding on with both hands to Butler's coat and frantically striving with his feeble strength and insignificant weight to drag down the big man, who stood immovable, partly amused, partly angered, and partly grieved at the old man's puny efforts.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! What's the matter?" said Cassidy, as he reached the spot.

"He has my money—all in Bank of Ireland hundred-pound notes. I had it safe in my pocket, and he took it from me by force, by violence, and he won't give it back to me. O'Gorman robbed me before, and now this big bankrupt bully robs me—robs me, a poor misshapen, weak creature who has nothing in the world but his money!"

"If Mr. Butler has your money, it will be easy to get it from him. In the meantime, you needn't tear his coat off. Let him go."

"Never! I'll tear his vitals out if he doesn't give me my money! I promised to pay him the money for his daughter, and now he is going to give his daughter to Sam O'Gorman and to keep my money." Corcoran's statement about Mary's future husband was a random shot; but it hurt Butler, because it went so near the mark.

Butler shook himself as a dog does on coming out of the water. The weak, slender fingers of the dwarf lost their hold, and he fell on his knees.

With surprising agility Corcoran was on his feet in a moment. He darted to the head constable, and plucking him by the sleeve with one hand, pointed at the farmer with the skinny forefinger of the other, saying, in a hoarse whisper:

"Arrest that man, in the Queen's name, for stealing by force from me in the public highway!"

"I'll want to hear a little more of the matter before I can do that, Mr. Corcoran," said Cassidy. "This is the second man you asked me to take into custody."

"I ask you in the Queen's name! You can't but do it when I call upon you in the Queen's name!"

"Oh, that's all very right; but I must see a little more about the affair first."

"I tell you he took the money by force from me on this spot, and that it's now in the breast-pocket of his coat."

"Wait a minute until we hear what Mr. Butler has to say, Mr. Corcoran. You know the proverb, 'One story's good till the other is told.' Maybe Mr. Butler would like to give his version." Cassidy turned with a smile to the farmer.

Butler gave a brief account of what had just occurred, and O'Gorman, speaking for the first time since the arrival of Cassidy, confirmed it.

"It is true I took the notes out of Mr. Corcoran's hand. He had snatched them from Mr. O'Gorman. He had or has no more right or call to them than you have, and I took them from him to save him from being charged, as much as from the desire to regain my own property. Now I am in a hurry to reach town, where I have to settle an account—"

"With my money, stolen from me by violence on the public highway!" screamed the hunchback, as he dashed the sweat from his face with the palm of his hand.

"No, sir," said Butler, angrily. "Handed me to-day by Mr. O'Gorman."

"Faith, Mr. O'Gorman, there are very few men in Ballymore could play follow-my-leader to you in that," said Cassidy to the young man.

"Well," said O'Gorman, gravely, "I could play follow-my-leader to myself. And if it should be required, I can account for the money. But until an explanation is necessary, I suppose I am at liberty to keep my business to myself."

"He can keep his explanation to himself, and he can keep my money to himself," cried Corcoran, spitefully. "The notion of Sam O'Gorman, who, the morning after he arrived, told me to my face he came to my place to try to steal a glass of whisky, having eight thousand pounds, about as likely as his having eight millions. Again, Cassidy, I ask you to arrest William Butler, for stealing my money and having it in his possession."

"Do you own that the account Mr. Butler gave of what took place is fair?"

"Oh, it may be," said the old man, listlessly.

"Is it?"

"I won't say it isn't. But I know it's my money," said Corcoran, with a vacant look in his weak eyes.

"Is it a true account?"

"Well, yes, I suppose it is."

"Then I can't act on what you tell me. But, of course, if you get a warrant I'll do my duty."

"And how can I get a warrant?" asked the hunchback, arousing.

"Well, from a magistrate, to be sure."

"I suppose you are done with us for the present, Mr. Cassidy?" asked Butler.

"Oh, quite, sir," answered the policeman, with alacrity.

"Then we'll say good-morning," said the farmer, as he and O'Gorman moved off.

"I'll tell you what I advise you to do," said the head constable to the miser: "Go to a solicitor, and tell him the whole affair."

"And he'll get me a warrant for Butler?" cried the old man, eagerly.

"Well, he'll tell you what to do."

"I'll go straight. I'll go this minute. You wouldn't mind walking a bit of the way with me. I have it on my mind there's something I want to tell you, but I can't think of it now."

"Yes, I'll go a step with you."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CASSIDY LOSES FAITH.

For a while after leaving Corcoran and Cassidy on the hill-path, neither Butler nor O'Gorman spoke.

It was a clear, bright, warm day, and the green of the valley beneath was bright and fresh. The trees had bourgeoned, the grass had raised its pointed blades, the grain-fields wore a delicate flush of green. As far as the eye could reach the great plain stretched out to the west and north, and away to the east stood up the tall solitary mountain, free from cloud or mist, clear against the sky.

Beneath Slieve Rue, under the side of the lowest hill of which was cut Keating's Walk, gathered the town of Ballymore around the many shining watercourses of the river.

At last Butler spoke:

"Corcoran won't last long if he keeps on at his tantrums. It must be hard on him to lose his money; and, no doubt, seeing a fistful of hundred-pound notes was enough to turn his brain. I don't think, if I were you, I would have flourished the notes in his face. His state was bad enough without that."

"I am now sorry I did it; but the old chap gave me impudence the morning after I came back. He suspected me of stealing the money—why, he suspects me still!—and I didn't think he'd take the sight of the notes just now so much to heart," said O'Gorman, with sullen contrition.

"For the matter of suspicion," said Butler, "he suspects every creature that ever passed his door. How any one can have the least doubt of who the thief is puzzles me."

"You still believe McDonnell did it?"

"Believe! I'd bet my body and soul on it. What can be plainer? He was one of the few men that knew Corcoran had drawn the money, and he was at the castle the night of the robbery."

"But even suppose he took the money (and I don't say but he did), how could he get rid of it?"

"I do not say he took the money like a common thief. But suppose he did, nothing easier in the world than to get rid of the notes. All he need do is to brazen it out for a while here, and then carry them out of the country, change his name, and get rid of them abroad."

"But—but—" O'Gorman hesitated and looked down.

"But what?" asked Butler, testily.
 "But do you think he would go alone?"
 "Ah!" Butler said no more, but glanced furiously in the direction of the town.

The two had now reached the head of the steps leading from Keating's Walk to the road below.

"Where are you thinking of heading for?" asked O'Gorman, significantly.

"For Prendergast's," said the other, shaking his fist in the direction of Ballymore.

"Maybe it would be better for you to go to the bank with that money. What need you care about that swindler Prendergast doing you twenty years ago? You're more independent this minute than ever you were before or since. Why need you mix yourself up with the dirty Dublin Street thief? Won't it be finer to pay off what's bothering you and pass by that ignorant boshoon, that common robber, Corney Prendergast, as if he was too mean for notice."

"But the girl? What about the girl?"

"Write to her. She knows her duty. If you ask her to come back she'll come back."

Butler hesitated.

The young man urged his point. "For years and years bad times have been killing you, and you have been hard set to keep going. Now you are a free man. You're as good as the best of them, and better than most of them. What's the use of bringing trouble against you about what happened long ago? Make up your mind to take comfort and ease for the rest of your days. Nothing can come against you for the remainder of your life if you let well enough alone."

"But the girl—the girl? I'm thinking of her more than of the way he robbed me." Butler now was more than shaken; he was in doubt.

"Write to her. She went away at your bidding; she will come back at your beck." O'Gorman put his hand with affectionate persuasiveness on the broad shoulder of the farmer. "Why shouldn't your home, Billy, be what it was when I was with you five years ago—the happiest in the county?"

Butler knit his brows and stared with unseeing eyes at the plain below. For a while he remained fixed in thought. Then, with a profound sigh, he said thickly, "Maybe you're right, Sam. There's my hand on it. I won't go next or near the scoundrel."

"You're what I always said you were—the best man that ever wore shoe-leather." He shook the farmer's hand heartily. "Run to the bank now, and I'll walk back to the Cottage with a lighter heart than I have known for a week."

The young man set his face toward Cascade Cottage as Butler descended the steps leading to the road.

"To the bank?" he thought. "What do I want going to the bank? I'll take the money straight to Attorney Flynn, and be done with it once for all." Flynn acted for the mortgagee.

Flynn was a little brown-faced, black-haired, weedy-looking, restless man, who had the best practice in the town.

"Ah!" said he, as soon as the farmer had told the object of his call and put down the money. "I am glad you have come to settle this troublesome business. Very glad, indeed! No one would be sorrier than I if you were obliged to leave the old place. I had no alternative than to press for payment. My instructions were definite; my client would not wait a day beyond the notice."

"Well," said Butler, rising, the business being concluded, "I, on my part, need not say that I am glad, too. For years I've had a wearing life of it, and although all is paid now, I can hardly believe that I am out of the fire. I know that when I dream of my affairs to-night—as dream I will—the foreclosure will be going on, going on, going on, as it has been going on night after night for I don't know how long! You're Corcoran's attorney, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Has he come to you about the loss of his money, may I ask?"

"No."

"That's strange, isn't it?"

The solicitor shrugged his shoulders. "I fancy he believes himself capable of transacting a good deal of his affairs." With a smile: "He does not care much for a big bill of costs."

"I think he may increase his bill to-day by the fee for a consultation, anyway. Good-morning." And he took his leave. As Butler walked out through the solicitor's hall he passed the hunchback coming in.

When the farmer was gone Flynn drew out a drawer of his writing-table, put the money in, and locked the drawer. He looked at his watch.

"Half-past one," he muttered. "I must be sure not to miss the bank to-day."

A few minutes later Corcoran was shown in. The hunchback glanced around him excitedly, and began without any words of greeting: "Aren't you afraid of being charged with harboring criminals?"

"You do not often favor me with a visit," said Flynn, with a short, sharp laugh.

"I met Butler in your hall, and it's about him I have come here."

"I am sure I am obliged to Mr. Butler if he has been the means of giving me the pleasure of seeing Mr. Corcoran," said the solicitor, with an ironical bow.

Corcoran made a gesture disdaining the solicitor's words and manner. "I want you to get a warrant for the arrest of that man."

"Indeed! What has he done?" Flynn rested his elbow on his desk and his chin on his hand, and looked at the other.

"Taken seven thousand five hundred and forty pounds from me by force on the Queen's high road."

"That's a very serious thing. Now, tell me exactly what happened."

In an excited and scarcely intelligible way the old man gave his version of what had just occurred on Keating's Walk.

"You want me to get Mr. Butler arrested on this statement? What a fortunate thing you came to me even now in the heel of the hunt! I know you lost your money. Now tell me what the money consisted of?"

"Seventy-five hundred-pound Bank of Ireland notes and four ten-pound ones."

"You counted them?"

"Counted them!—counted them! A dozen times!"

"Your notes had been in circulation before? They were crumpled? soiled? jagged? torn? some cut in half and pasted together again?"

"Not all—most of them. But that doesn't make them less value?"

"No. But the notes handed by Mr. O'Gorman to Mr. Butler are all crisp and new—never issued before—and, moreover, every one of them is dated thirtieth May this year—the very day after your money was stolen! They may have been issued on the thirtieth, but certainly not an hour before."

"How do you know about the dates?" asked Corcoran, suspiciously.

"Because I have seen them. Mr. Butler has just paid them to me."

"There's more than man against me!" whined the hunchback, rising to his feet, wringing his hands, and tottering on out of the room.

When he reached the street he put his poor misshapen back against the wall of the solicitor's house and his hand to his damp forehead and moaned, "Oh, my head—my poor head! I don't know what I'm doing. My head is reeling. I can see nothing but a falling snow of banknotes—falling, falling, falling across my eyes, between me and everything. But they're too far off for me to grab—too far off for me to grab."

He paused and looked round him out of his weak blue eyes. With a start and a shudder he took his back away from the wall and went on in a voice of terror, "But I mustn't stop here—I mustn't stop here. If I do the she-devils out of the lanes will gather round me and tear me limb from limb, and trample my dead body into the dust of the road. I—I must get as far as the police barracks. Cassidy might see me home, or send one of his men with me."

He staggered along the quiet street, now at one side of the flags, now at the other, like a drunken man.

He doubted being able to reach his destination. He looked up and down for help. It was a short, quiet by-street of private houses. He could not see a soul. Should he knock at one of the houses and ask for help—ask for sanctuary against these terrible fishwomen and tinkers' wives and cobblers' wives and the other viragos of the lanes? There seemed to be nothing else for it. All the strength was gone out of his neck. His head was falling about on his shoulders like the head of a dead bird. His legs were bending under his body.

He felt in danger of sinking down on the flagway. He tottered toward a door with the intention of knocking. The door had three stone steps and a railing. He made a clutch at the railing, missed it, and rolled over on the steps. For a while he lay prone and breathless.

Suddenly he found himself seized from behind by both arms at the shoulders. He was turned over, and set sitting on the top step.

"I'm—I'm much obliged to—" He cut his speech short with a shriek of terror, for he saw Johannah Quirk, leader of the viragos, standing over him!

She was a woman of about forty, and of colossal size. People said she measured over six feet; she really stood five feet ten, and was broad and massive in proportion. She had a round, florid, coarse face. Her strength was prodigious. Once in election times, she had kept half a dozen policemen at bay. Having committed several assaults, and broken many panes of glass, the police determined to arrest her. She caught up a heavy pavior's driver, swung it round and round her until she reached the end of her lane, up which she darted, flinging the driver head high at the constables as she fled.

"Oh, yeh look as if yeh wor very much obliged to me, indeed, ould Corcoran!" cried she, scornfully. "An' yeh have a great look of a marr'in' man, too! If yeh on'y sported a flower in yer buttonhole, an' wor rubbed down wud a nice clane wisp of sthraw, yeh'd be a match for the Queen! I wandher is it on yer way yeh wor to Martin Poor's to order a carr'ge for the wedding?"

"I was on my way to Cassidy at the police-barracks, to ask him to walk home with me, or send a man with me, for I'm not well—I'm not well, Johannah Quirk," wailed Corcoran, who gave himself up for lost, and spoke mechanically.

"An' a fine, big, clever friend yeh have for sure an' sartain in Head Constable Cassidy. I like him like I like tay; especially whin he's gettin' me a week for a bit of diversion wud wan of thim I don't cotten to in the market. It's a week for lambastin' anny wan ye don't like, but it's a month for givin' wan of his darlin' craychures a pawthogee in the gob. Now that I've met yeh, Corcoran, I'll tell yeh what I'll do: I'll fight yeh for half a gallon of porther; and she stood out in the road, squaring at him.

"Oh, oh, oh! They'll tear me asunder and trample my body in the road!" moaned Corcoran. He looked up and down the street in an agony of fear, expecting every moment to find an army of Amazons approaching to rend him.

"Johnny Cahill boasts he's a match for anny woman or a middlin' man. Well, so am I. Get up an' come on, and I'll let daylight through you, to show you I bear no ill-will."

Corcoran's head began falling about on his shoulders again. He clung to the railings for support.

"Look at him now! Isn't he just like a bride for the altar! See here, ould Corcoran, if yeh won't fight out of friendship, an' as even Mary Butler isn't good enough or purty enough for yeh, to show yeh what I think of yeh, I'll marry yeh mese!! There isn't a straight-backed man in Ballymore that wouldn't be dhruunk for a week if he got the offer!"

Corcoran's head dropped forward, his hands on the railing relaxed, and with a moan he fell sideways across the doorstep.

"Oh, be the holy!" cried Johannah, darting forward. "The ould lord is in a wakeness!"

She raised him gently, and tried to set him once more sitting on the step; but his head hung over which-ever way she inclined it, and his body would not remain upright.

"What'll I do wud the poor angashore?" cried the woman, in distress. "If I knew he was as bad as that, 'tisn't jeerin' I ought to be, but thyrin' to do somethin' for him. He said he was goin' to Cassidy. Be me sowkins, the best thing is to make a load of him."

She stooped down, threw the arms of the old man

over her shoulders, and raised him as easily as if he had been but a year-old boy.

With head thrown back and towed hair falling down behind from under her battered, squajid bonnet, she bore him along the quiet street. She turned into a wider street, and from that into the thoroughfare in which stood the police barracks.

Several people had stopped to look after her, with her strange burden, but no one had accosted her. People knew the weight of her tongue and arm too well to challenge her lightly. As she gained the main thoroughfare a woman stood in front of her, and asked, "Johannah, is that ould Corcoran yeh're carryin'?"

"Divil resave the other. Wouldn't yeh know him be his likeness to the King of Agypt that ate up all the fat kine?" asked the fish-woman in a scorn.

"An' where are yeh brin'in' him to?"

"The river, to be sure. There isn't a daycent hangman livin' wud touch him wud a forty-fut ladder. Get out of me road!"

"An' is he dead?"

"If yeh don't get out of me road at wanst I'll dhrop him, and let yeh know!"

She thrust her hip against the interrogator, and sent the woman sprawling into the middle of the street.

When she reached the barracks she pushed past the policemen in the hall and passages, went straight to Cassidy's room, shifted her load so as to free one of her hands, turned the handle and entered without ceremony. The policemen in the hall and passages were too much taken aback by the novel sight to stay her.

With an exclamation of anger the head constable sprang out of his chair and moved toward the door to repel the intruder.

The woman brushed by him, set Corcoran's inanimate form in the elbow-chair just vacated by Cassidy, and said, "I met him in Catherine Shreet. He told me he was on his way to yeh. I jeered at him about his marr'age. He fainted, and I made a load of him. Give him a sup of whisky."

By this time she had opened Corcoran's necktie and collar, and was chafing his hands.

Cassidy sent a constable for brandy, and when it came forced some down the old man's throat. In a few moments the eyelids began to twitch; the mouth, which had been half open, closed, and a slight tremor shook the body.

"He's coming to," said Cassidy. He poured out a large glass of brandy, and, holding it out toward the woman, said, in a kind voice, "You want a sup yourself after what you did for the poor old lord."

"Dhrink it yersef, Matt Cassidy, an' may it burren' yer gullet goin' down, an' pisin you when it gets below!" and she flounced out of the room. Seizing the first policeman she met, she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him, saying: "Yeh wor always me darlin', but now yeh know it, an' yer comrades know it, too. Good-mornin', boys. When some wan in the market gets me dander up I'll come see yeh again. So don't break yer hearts at this partin'!" and she was gone.

At first when Corcoran recovered consciousness he rambled in his talk, and Cassidy could make no sense of what he said. These were the first coherent sentences caught by the head constable:

"There was something I wanted to say to Attorney Flynn about my will; but the affair about Butler and the notes put it out of my head, McDonnell."

"He thinks I'm the bank clerk," whispered Cassidy to himself.

"Of course, my dear McDonnell—my dear James—my dear boy—you are the same as a son to me, and I never breathed to a living soul that the night before the notes were stolen you advised me to draw my money out of the bank."

"Eh?"

"I say, my boy, that I kept my word to you—I kept my oath to you not to tell a living man that you came up to me the night before I lost my money and told me to draw it out of the bank the minute the doors were open in the morning, as the bank was on the point of breaking owing to the South American smash."

Cassidy dropped on a chair as if shot, whispering, "So, after all, Mr. James McDonnell is the thief!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN PRENDERGAST'S TANYARD.

ON leaving the solicitor's office, Butler did not know whither to turn. He had promised Sam O'Gorman not to seek Prendergast, and he was a man of his word. Four o'clock was his dinner hour, and it was only half-past one. But for the condition of affairs at home, home he would have gone. Now home was the spot of earth which had least attraction. It wore a dark and forbidding aspect.

The house and acres he loved so dearly were now his as surely as the old silver watch in his fob, or the still older signet-ring on his finger. But the house and the land did not make home, and although it would have gone hard with him to be put out of the old place, it was harder for him to be shut out from the two human beings who had been with him so long. This ought to be a day of rejoicing for deliverance. But a man of his age who has been so long used to share all his thoughts with his family cannot rejoice alone.

Butler had few friends, and they were in the country, not the town. There was no house of Ballymore into which he could drop for an hour's chat; besides, the state of affairs at Cascade Cottage made social intercourse difficult, if not impossible. He did not want to talk of his wife or of his daughter, or of Corcoran's loss, or of McDonnell, and how could these subjects be avoided with his friends?

He was a member of the news-room. He had seldom gone there of late, but this seemed an excellent occasion for its use. Moreover, he wanted to write a letter, and he could write it there.

He made a detour to avoid passing Prendergast's. "I don't want to see him or his place. I'm safe as long as I am not tempted; but if I met him or even saw him standing at his door, I don't know that I could contain myself."

It gratified him to find in the news-room only two men he knew. For a while he looked at the papers, but he could take no interest in them. Then, drawing a

chair to the side-table on which lay writing materials, he began to think what he should say to Mary.

Beyond brief business notes, he seldom found it necessary to express himself on paper. He hated writing letters of any kind, and the letter he now contemplated was the most hateful one he had ever been forced to face in his life. His business letters were composed as if they were telegrams subject to a money penalty for every word above a few.

He could not make up his mind how to begin. "My dear child" or "My dear Mary" was out of the question while the state of revolt existed. At last he scrawled three sentences in the middle of a sheet—

"Your home is open to you. Your father desires you to return. Your duty bids you do as your father desires."

Putting this in an envelope, he directed it to Mary at Prendergast's, without writing the hateful name of her uncle. He would not send the letter by hand; it should go through the post—a thing almost unheard of in the town. Sending it by post meant that it would not be delivered until late that evening.

This business being disposed of, he felt much lighter and easier. He could now look at the papers with interest, and presently he found himself absorbed in the "Field."

When he had read his fill it was half-past three. He should not go home to dinner; he would dine at the Kilkenny Hotel. Perhaps Sam might turn in there. A great many things had to be chatted about with Sam now that his wife's cousin proposed to be his son-in-law. So vital had been the great event of that day—the liberation of Cascade Farm from bond—that it had enormously quickened the growth of all considerations which it touched.

He saw his daughter back in his house, obedient as of yore. He saw his wife once again the affectionate, confiding, submissive wife of forty years. He saw Sam for six months a model of what the steadyest young man should be, and at the end of the six months he saw a fine wedding. He saw McDonnell leave the town under a cloud, and swallowed up by some colony or the all-devouring jaws of the United States. He saw his farm well stocked and gradually growing more profitable under grass than under tillage. He saw many prosperous and happy years before him—with Ellen by his side; for, although she had risen against him and defied him, it would be a cold and bleak world without her, his poor old foolish woman.

He dined all by himself in the coffee-room of the Kilkenny. The dinner was good, but he felt a little lonely. It would be pleasanter to discuss the future with those whose presence he was accustomed to at meals. And yet—and yet perhaps it was better thus. Mary was not yet at home (though that would be put right presently), and his wife did not yet know of Sam's proposal for Mary, and no one could tell how she would take it. But all would come right in time.

He had left home without saying anything to Ellen about Sam's proposal, or about Sam and the money having arrived. In fact, when leaving he had no thought of anything but meeting Prendergast face to face, telling the swindler his mind, and letting what would follow. But she knew he was to get the money from Sam that morning, she would hear Sam had arrived, and she would assume the land was free.

It would have been pleasanter to run home after finishing with Flynn, and tell his wife and daughter the news that Cascade Farm was their own again, but the idea of that infernal scoundrel Prendergast and of Mary's being in the scoundrel's house banished everything else from his head, and drove him into the blindest rage for many a long day.

Butler drank a pint of beer with his dinner and had a glass of punch afterward with a pipe. He ate his food and drank his punch and smoked his pipe slowly, in the hope that O'Gorman might appear. But no Sam came. It was between five and six o'clock when he left the hotel, and with no very pleasant feeling found he had nothing for it now but to go home.

He posted the letter to his daughter. He would again avoid Prendergast's shop. His shortest way home would be by the Old Bridge, but that route was not pleasant, and few went to who were at liberty to choose another. Usually he came and went by the New Bridge, but to gain the New Bridge he must pass Prendergast's shop. There was a third way by Knockboy Bridge, and he resolved to go by that route, as it was the longest way and would put most time between him and Cascade Cottage.

"If I go by the New Bridge," thought Butler, angrily, "I must pass by his shop. If I go by the Old Bridge I must cross over his lighters in the river. Even if I go by Knockboy I must walk within a few feet of his tanyard. Curse the fellow, he's sprawling all over the town, and I can't draw my breath without getting the taste of his bacon, or the bilge in his lighters, or the hides in his tanyard!"

Knockboy Bridge was out of the town, a mile and a half from the Kilkenny Hotel. It was a narrow, hump-backed old structure, with steep approaches. It had little traffic, as it led from nowhere to nowhere else, and it was purely local in use. You reached it by turning off the coach road into a crooked lane three hundred paces long. At the bottom of this lane on the water's edge stood the tanyard.

As Butler left the road for the lane he heard the six o'clock bell ring, and half-way down the lane he met the men coming from the tanyard.

The walls of the lane rose high, the only opening in them being the tanyard gate. When the farmer had got two-thirds of the way down he saw the gate was shut. "The unfortunate men have now twelve hours' rest before them, anyway. Every one says Prendergast pays less than any other employer, and that he makes the poor creatures work like galley-slaves."

Butler drew up before the gate, looked at it severely, as though it were his enemy in person, and shaking his clenched fist at it, said, between his teeth: "You swindling extortioner, curse you! Curse you! Curse you!" "Ah, thin who's cursin' the innocent old doore?" The wicket swung outward. The latch struck Butler's outstretched hand violently, and Cornelius Prendergast stood in the opening.

With a cry of surprise, pain, and rage Butler sprang back. He looked from the figure in the doorway to his

smarting and bleeding hand. "You infernal scoundrel, you were spying through the latch-hole, and did that on purpose!"

"An' how do yeh like it?" said the other, with a derisive grin.

Howling an execration, Butler sprang at the opening. Prendergast made a grab at the door to draw it back.

Butler dashed his fist on the other man's arm and leaped through the wicket.

The door swung to and latched.

Prendergast stepped back.

Butler was sixty-five, Prendergast seventy. Both were above the common height and bulk, Prendergast the taller and heavier, Butler the harder and more active. Each hated the other with unspeakable hatred. Prendergast was cool and on his guard, Butler blind with rage, and reckless as to consequences.

The farmer's cheeks were purple, and shaking as though moved by beating flames within. He had lost his hat, and under his short-cropped grizzled hair his scalp worked and palpitated. His hair stood up. The great veins in his neck were swollen, the pulse beat in his throat as though it would suffocate him. His large, powerful hands were clenched until the skin on the knuckles cracked. All the fury of his soul was gathered in his eyes. These bloodshot eyes were fixed upon his enemy with a single earnestness of hate which no threat of man, no convulsion of nature, not certainty of death could divert. The forces of the law might stand before him with a gallows; the blue vault of heaven might crack and swamp the earth with fire; he might be encompassed by leveled swords, yet that awful glance would not be drawn aside. In that unflinching, remorseless look there was something material, tangible. It was like a piercing spear of fury. Out of that pitiless bent brow, from the caverns under those purple, stooping brows poured a fire that would not spare to blast through the flames of eternal torture had already begun to lick the feet.

A broad, even, calm voice, because of its breadth and evenness and calmness more awful than the eyes themselves, issued from a mouth open to the throat.

"At last, Cornelius Prendergast!"

Prendergast stooped, keeping his eyes on the other, and picked up a knife used in removing hair from the hides.

The walls of the yard were high; no house stood near. The two men were alone within the high walls of the yard.

The blazing eyes of the farmer saw the knife in Prendergast's hand.

"A knife would not satisfy me," said that broad, even, calm, soul-quaking voice. "Keep your knife."

"I don't want it for meself at all," said Prendergast. "That is, I want it meself on'y for a little while. When yeh come close to me I'll give it to yeh—in the inside of yeh."

With a bellow which made the other tremble, Butler rushed forward like the burst of a dammed torrent released.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

M'DONNELL LEAVES HOME IN DAYLIGHT.

PRENDERGAST raised the knife as if to strike. Then a thought flashed into his mind; he sprang aside, evading the onset, and Butler, with a yell of horror, disappeared from sight. Oaths and sounds of spluttering arose from the ground. Butler had fallen into one of the tan-pits!

Prendergast approached the edge.

"That's a fine place to cool yer courage, me bucko. There's about a fut of water in it, and a couple of ill-giant hides that'll serve yeh as a sate, or a bed, an' yeh'll come up out of it—if yeh ever do come up out of it alive, wud a skin that'll last yeh a lifetime."

"You murderous scoundrel!" cried a voice from the pit.

"Murderous scoundrel, ighagh! Yeh broke into this yard wud a nice peaceful intintion! It's only me blood and me life yeh wanted—nothin' more! D'yeh feel finely down there now? Are yeh toes warm and comfortable? If yeh had a blast of the pipe an' a sup of whisky yeh'd be grand entirely. I hope the wather isn't disthressin' yer corens."

"You infernal blackguard, if I get up I'll murder you!"

"If yeh get up! That's a mighty big 'if.' It'll be nice an' fresh for yeh here when the stars come out. An' maybe the ghost of an old bull will rise to keep yeh company. Why don't yeh be takin' a blast of the pipe, even if yeh can't get the whisky? Is yer tobacco wet? Here's something to put in yer pipe an' smoke."

He took up a handful of clay and flung it at the bare head in the pit.

"Murder me out and out, if you have any mercy!" bellowed Butler.

"Oh, begob, I won't! I'll leave yeh to do that yerse'f. I'm thinkin' o' goin' home. I suppose I'd better bring yer love to yer daughter."

The man in the pit groaned.

"Don't be sighin', man. Keep up yer heart. 'Twon't be long till the men are here at six o'clock in the mornin'. On'y a matter of twelve hours. Yeh're not sittin' on the hides. It would be better for yeh to do so than to be standin' there wud yer back again' the side of the pit. Yeh'll ironmould the back of yer coat."

The man in the pit groaned again.

"I'm glad there was a drop of wather an' the hides in the pit ter break yer fall, or it's breakin' yer neck yeh'd be wud yer foolish notion of takin' a dip in the cool of the evenin'. If yeh axed yer docthor he'd advise yeh again' it. It's too early in the season an' too late in the day."

The man in the pit roared.

"If yeh're feelin' in anny way unasy there maybe if I put down a laddher yeh'd come up. Some people wouldn't care to be at the bottom of a tan-pit all night. Although I'm a tanner meself, I'd rather not; but there's no accountin' for taste. Well, I'll be goin' now."

"Pleasant dhramas an' sweet repose, Half the bed an' all the clothes."

Prendergast turned on his heel and left the yard, banging the wicket and locking it behind him.

He took his way leisurely up the lane and then along

the coach road toward the town till he came to a small cottage where Phil Kelly, the foreman of his tanyard, lived. The door was open, and he entered. "God save all here," said he. "Are you wudin, Phil?"

"God save you kindly, I am, sir," said Phil, rising from the table at which he had been eating his supper.

"Good-evenin', Mrs. Kelly," said Prendergast, bowing to the woman of the house.

"Good-evenin' kindly, sir," said she.

"Phil, I want to give yeh some particular instructions, an' I want yeh to carry them out to the letter. Yeh're to go back to the yard in half an hour's time—nayther more nor less."

"An' what'll I do there, sir?"

"Well, just as I was comin' out of the yard wud the door open a great brute-baste bust in an' tore about the place, an' bimeby fell into number wan pit. There's on'y about a fut of wather in it; but I think half an hour or so there will do him a power of good."

"An', in the name of all the saints, sir, what sort of a brute-baste was it that done it?"

"Whin ye raich the yard, yeh'll be wiser. Git him out of the pit and let him go about his business."

"Faith, it's a man, sir! But I am hard set to think who it can be."

"Well, you'll have the riddle answered when you do what I tell yeh. But, mind, not for half an hour."

He left the cottage, and continued his homeward way.

While Cornelius Prendergast was giving these instructions to his foreman, Phil Kelly, a small boy was on his way at an easy pace to McDonnell's. He was the bearer of a blank sheet of paper to the bank clerk's lodgings in Anne Street.

In present circumstances, with the certainty now in his mind that McDonnell stole the money, Cassidy did not like to communicate openly with the bank clerk. The fact that McDonnell had recommended the hunchback to withdraw his money the day after lodging it, and the very day of the night on which the robbery took place, put all doubt out of the head constable's mind.

During the past few days he had kept up a languid search for the Fool. Now he would abandon all thought of O'Hoolaghan. He might be morally sure the young man was the thief, but moral certainty was not worth a button in the eyes of the law, and he could do nothing. It would be the height of absurdity to search McDonnell's place, for it was inconceivable that the young man would keep by him anything which could tell a tale.

Then, he had exceeded his duty by his visits to Anne Street, and he was now bitterly sorry he had confided in the bank clerk and allowed him to pose before himself as an honest man. It was intolerable that the young puppy should abuse the confidence of a man of mature age and responsible position! He had liked and trusted McDonnell until now; he could neither like nor trust him any longer.

Then, again, there was the money which Butler and O'Gorman had been shuffling from one to the other, and that hugger-mugger with Corcoran on Keating's Walk. What could be made of that affair? The more one looked at the whole thing the more one got blinded and confused. Anyway, he was glad he had sent Corcoran home in the care of Meagher. It would be best, perhaps, to let matters drift for a time. If the teller showed any sign of leaving the district, then something might be done. If he tried to get rid of the notes, one could act with decision and promptness.

He himself would not go with the missive, and he would not send one of the men. Hence he went out by the back door of the barracks and hired a boy for a penny to do the errand.

When the note was brought up to McDonnell he did not recognize the writing. He had never seen it before. From recent interviews between himself and Cassidy nothing was further from his thoughts than that Cassidy might lose faith in him.

"It is some bill I have forgotten," he muttered, as he broke open the envelope and took out its contents. He turned the paper over and over. It was perfectly blank. There was not even a printed heading. At first he did not understand. "It's a hoax," he thought—"a poor attempt at a joke." Then all at once he understood. "It is the ball cartridge of Cassidy fired at my head!"

He stood staring out of the window, neither thinking nor moving. At that time the blank sheet of paper, with the serious development it implied, had no effect at all on him. Out of the window he stood staring, without thought or motion.

When his mind began to move, he said to himself, "I suppose it's all up with me now. I don't see how they can convict, but mere arrest would be as ruinous as conviction. And then I've given that letter to Prendergast for Mary. I wish I had never written it; but I must let it stand. I couldn't take and give twice. I suppose, now that I have another to consider, I must defend myself by every means in my power. As far as I can see there is only one thing to be done, and I'll do it to-night. I'll do it now! I will not let the grass grow under my feet. What is it to me who may see my scratches, and cuts, and plasters! I am in as tight a place as man need wish to be in, and out of it I am bound to do my best to escape."

He put on his overcoat—although the evening was not cold—and the cap worn on his visit to Slattery's. Then, carrying a big stick in his hand, he sallied forth, with his head held high and wearing a serene air.

He traversed the town, nodding to those he knew, but stopping to speak with no man. He crossed the New Bridge and went along the road to the foot of Slieve-Bue and ran up the long flight of steps to Keating's Walk, and strode along the hill path until he came to the bench on which he had sat that memorable Tuesday evening. He sat down and lighted a cigar, and fell into a reverie. The plain and the watercourses of the river and the town were beneath his feet. The great bulk of the solitary mountain stood up clear against the sky in the east.

Here he had sat a fortnight ago, and decided that he would at any risk to himself or his prospects recommend Corcoran to withdraw the money. He had given the advice to the old man, and the old man had acted upon it, and there had really been no danger of losing the money in the bank, and there had been absolute danger—absolute loss—in drawing it out. It was a cruel situa-

SELECTED WORKS

RUDYARD KIPLING

In Three Volumes. Printed on Fine Paper from New Electrotypes Plates, and bound in substantial style in the best English Cloth, with Gilt Back Stamp.

VOLUME ONE—

Soldiers Three.
In Black and White.
The Story of the Gadsbys.
The Phantom Rickshaw.
Wee Willie Winkie.

VOLUME TWO—

The Light That Failed.
Plain Tales from the Hills.

VOLUME THREE—

Mine Own People.
The Courting of Dinah Shadd.
American Notes.
Under the Deodars, and other Tales.
Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads, and other Verses.

Price \$3.00; payable, \$1.00 on delivery of the three volumes, balance at rate of 50 cents per month.

According to a high literary authority, there are, in the literary product of the present day, "a thousand volumes to one book, a thousand echoes to one voice." Of the crowd of novels which annually issue from the press scarcely one in a hundred carries the reader out of the beaten track. Mr. Kipling's stories are books, and not merely volumes. When he speaks his words find utterance in a voice and not an echo. He snatches his readers out of themselves and whirls them into a world which is new yet manifestly real. Fresh, strong, rapid and vividly picturesque, his work appeals with forcible directness to a weary novel-reading public, whose vacant hours have long been placarded with the notice, "All rubbish may be shot here." Kipling has succeeded in striking the happy mean between idealism and romance and a too bald realism. He is a born story-teller. But he draws his tales from the life. He offers us fresh faces, which yet are real human flesh and blood, and he gives us incidents that are facts to be encountered in London streets as well as in Indian jungles.

His bold, dashing sketches of real nature, with their masses of color concentrated on exactly the right spot, enable him to make objects picturesque which more finished work would reveal in their true ungainliness and squalor. If labor has been bestowed upon the art, it is successfully concealed. The apparent ease with which the effects are produced reacts upon the reader. And with the eye of the born artist he also possesses his reticence. Concentrating himself upon the one point which he wishes to bring out, he suffers nothing to distract his attention from it. His scenes are painted in the minimum of space, and with the maximum of vividness. The picture is given as it were in a flash of lightning, and he who travels by express train may read it at a glance. The gift of telling a short story, which is complete in itself and does not appear to be a fragment of a larger whole, is a rare one, and Mr. Kipling possesses it to a very remarkable degree of perfection.

Mr. Kipling, therefore, is fortunate both in his matter and in his manner: in his matter because it is new, yet real, and deals with incident in a narrative form; in his manner because it is rapid, direct, concentrated, and fitted for an age in which all who wish to read wish also to run. In both respects he has exactly hit a real literary want.

Mr. Kipling's war pictures are marvelously picturesque, vivid, and dramatic. Here again his creative gift of intuitive sympathy is admirably employed. His battle scenes have all the brutality, movement, confusion, and ferocity of reality. The same overpowering sense of literal truth is produced, which is created by the single figures of Mulvaney and his companions. Where color is needed, he is not afraid to use it. His strong rapid strokes are the well-placed effective touches of a master who omits every redundant detail. He exhibits with most graphic power the confused mass of men who are not maneuvering with civilized foes according to the rules of war, but are fighting for their lives against maddened savages, whether Afghans or Arabs; or paints with unrivaled force the panic of a raw regiment of boys attacked by the desperate Ghazis.

The works of Rudyard Kipling are now for the first time offered to the American reading public on terms so liberal as to make the prices charged elsewhere seem quite extortionate. The three volumes described above form now one of the regular Premiums that go with COLLIER'S WEEKLY. With the Fortnightly Library, the subscription is \$6.50. Without the Library, \$5.00. In both cases \$1.00 is payable when the Three Volumes are delivered; the balance at the rate of fifty cents a month.

tion, and it seemed to admit of no solution favorable to him.

How much had been crowded into a few weeks: Mary's avowal of love; his resolution to break his obligations to the bank to save the fortune of his benefactor and patron; the robbery of the money; the disappearance of the Fool; the return of O'Gorman; the expulsion of Mary; his encounter with O'Gorman; O'Gorman's first announcing himself a pauper, and then declaring himself a man of large means; the horrible suspicion which had settled on himself; his return of her troth to Mary; Prendergast's extraordinary interest and kindness; the sustaining confidence of Cassidy; and now, last, but far from least, the withdrawal of the policeman's confidence! How could all these facts and events fit in three weeks? Well, there was no use in asking questions of the spirits of air.

He threw away the butt of his cigar, rose, and continued his way along the hill path.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE REFORMATION OF WILLIAM BUTLER.

WHEN Butler heard the wicket gate shut behind Prendergast, he gave himself up for dead. He knew he might shout himself hoarse before any one would hear him. To spend a whole night standing or sitting in a foot of water must kill a man of his age.

He looked up at the sides of the pit—up the four iron walls. They were smooth as glass. He folded the two hides and put one on top of the other. But when he stood on the upper one he could not reach within three feet of the top of the pit. Between him and the sky there was no projection he could lay hold of.

By-and-by the sun would set. The chilly night airs would fill the pit and strike into his limbs and body until he should be no longer able to stand. By sitting on the upper hide he should be able to avoid sitting in the water, but the lower part of his legs would be submerged. Twelve hours of this place he might survive, but not the consequences.

Butler sank, sitting on the upper hide.

It was horrible to die thus, and to die, too, just when he had cleared his farm and might reasonably look forward to a few years of life, a few years without embarrassment or care—ay, a few years of prosperity!

Then, he should die at variance with his wife, and while his daughter was under the roof of the man who had robbed him twenty years ago, and had deliberately abandoned him to this monstrous fate.

Already he felt the chill of the water creeping into his blood. Already the stagnant air of the huge vat compressed his chest and made his head giddy.

It was maddening to think of dying here, estranged from the wife he married in her fresh youth and in his own vigorous and gallant manhood. It was maddening to think of dying estranged from the child he had dandled on his knee, pressed to his breast, tossed in the air, held up in exulting arms for the admiration of his friends.

These were the hardest thoughts of all.

He took himself to task over the expulsion of Mary and his vindictiveness to his wife. He took himself to task over the arrangement made with Corcoran behind the girl's back. In his blind rage he had cast her out of her home.

Why?

Because she had given a promise that was intelligible and natural. Whether McDonnell should in the end prove a thief or not, he was then a more fitting husband for the lovely child than the misshapen old miser.

When Mary made the promise she did not know any other match was contemplated. When he entered into the arrangement with Corcoran he did not know the girl leaned toward any other suitor. He accepted Corcoran in order that his acres might be freed by the old man's money. Now his acres were free without the old man's money. Sam told him he had brought back twenty thousand pounds from the gold diggings, and that he would provide eight thousand on the same financial terms as those stipulated for by the hunchback. Sam had said this morning that he wished to be a candidate for Mary's hand. But this was an afterthought and no part of the money bargain. Sam, in fact, only asked that he might not be debarred from proposing at the end of six months. To be sure, interest would have to be paid on the eight thousand pounds. But the interest which Corcoran arranged for was little more than half of what had been payable to the late mortgagee, and Sam wanted no more than had been promised to Corcoran.

Mary told him she would never marry any man against his will. Of course, his will should be always against McDonnell, even if the clerk's crime were not brought to the criminal.

Butler mused on the situation for a while; then he rose to his numb feet, and holding his arms aloft, cried, in a voice shaken by many memories:

"If it please God to release me from this awful trap I will forego all thoughts of vengeance against Cornelius Prendergast, and I will try to live the remainder of my life in peace and love with the two beings who are dearest to me."

He dropped his arms and stood gazing at the sky with a look that was a continuation of his prayer. The tears were in his eyes. The tears rolled down his cheeks. The man who a little while ago had been a beast, mad for blood, stood now a humble pleader at the great Throne of Mercy.

"I will do all that," he said, raising his arms again.

All at once he dropped his arms, and looked around his narrow prison with eyes of fear.

He had heard the click of a lock.

He heard a door open. He heard footfalls approaching.

(Concluded next week.)

BAKED bananas are said to be ideal food for nervous persons and brain workers, and will also unfailingly build up and strengthen lean, blood-poor persons. The banana should be baked in its skin in an oven for fifteen or twenty minutes until it is quite soft and bursts open.

"The Pledge of Many a Loved and Loving Dame."

THE LOVERS OF THE WORLD.

In Three Volumes. Printed on Fine Paper from New Electrotypes Plates, and bound in substantial style in the best English Cloth, with Gilt Back Stamp.

Price \$3.00; payable, \$1.00 on delivery of the three volumes, balance at rate of 50 cents per month.

This is a chronicle of the sensational dramas, enchanting romances, tragical histories, pathetic trials, fierce passions and pure hearts of all those who have lived and loved, from the earliest times to the present day, with faithful descriptions of the virtues and charms which inspired them and the joys and disasters which they caused. The work is superbly and profusely illustrated. It is edited by Edgar Saltus, author of "When Dreams Come True," etc., etc. It is in three charming octavo volumes, containing numerous Page Illustrations, printed from New Plates on Extra Super-calendered Paper, bound in Exquisite Style with original Side and Back stamps, and constituting the most attractive set of table-books we have ever published as premiums. The first volume portrays the Loves and Lovers of Mythical Days. In the second volume there are two divisions, one of which is devoted to the heroes and heroines of Chivalry and Romance, and the other to those of History. Beginning with the story of that sweet young girl who, when her lover Leander was drowned, drowned herself at his side, it passes on to the famous tale of Guinevere and Lancelot, and thence through the Arthurian cycle upward to Heloise, and on through all the tears of Italy, through all the splendid treacheries of France, until the third volume is reached, in which are described the Loves and Lovers of Modern Times.



MEDEA.

—Lovers, p. 61, Vol. One.

(Specimen page of illustrations of "The Lovers of the World.")

These fine volumes, "The Lovers of the World," cover the ground in so far as history, poetry, romance and legend have combined to give the subject completeness. Shakespeare and the Sacred Text, Homer and Modern History, Medieval Minnesingers and Wagner the Immortal—classic and imperishable memorials, all, of the unchangeable essence of human strengths and natural limitations—are contributors to the matchless symposium and reciprocal strivings of the human heart, of which these volumes give authentic record. The fact that such a work as this is now made one of the Regular Premiums of a COLLIER'S WEEKLY regular annual subscription of \$6.50 is due to the fact that "Lovers of the World" is not a specialty among books, but is of such general interest to humanity at large that subscribers cannot possibly consider the subject foreign to their tastes and personal sympathies. The usual terms, \$1.00 down and 50 cents a month, will apply in this case also. COLLIER'S WEEKLY and "Lovers of the World," \$5.00—payable \$1.00 when volumes are delivered and 50 cents a month for eight months afterward. The same, with Fortnightly Library, \$6.50—payable \$1.00 down and 50 cents a month for the next eleven months. All novels of the Library are copyrighted, cannot be obtained in any other Library, and are by the greatest living authors.

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE airship, after disappearing from the local press and several Western centers, is signaled from Berlin, where an Imperial Councilor has expounded before the



Polytechnic Society the beauties of a machine with steam propellers which he has fabricated after the image of the dragon. That is the kind of a thing the world awaits. Of balloons we have had enough and to spare. Ever since the Montgolfier brothers sent up a contrivance of varnished paper filled with heated air and ascents began to be made, the possibility of aerial navigation was assumed to be within beck and call. That is over a hundred years ago. The balloon is no nearer solving it to-day than it was then. Experiments with the aeroplane have been equally unsuccessful. The problem consists in the discovery of a proper motor. If the gentleman in Berlin has solved it by means of steam propellers he deserves to be made a Durchlaucht and a Herzog, a Fürst and a Hoheit, particularly the latter. Highness is just the very title for him. If he hasn't he should be condemned to six months in a fortress for *Majestätsverbrechen*—for be-guiling our credulity and deceiving our hopes.

After the Horse Show served to us last autumn in the gloom of that arena in Madison Square which it would take several constellations in process of combustion to properly illuminate, the spectacle of the exhibition in Baltimore a fortnight ago suggested nothing so much as migration to another and to a sener sphere. It was in the open, as Horse Shows should be; it had for setting a girdle of glimmering green, above was the sky of satin, and in and about the ring were the prettiest women in the world. There were girls who seemed to have sauntered from fairyland—as perhaps they had. There were young matrons who, merely at sight of, you would have sworn without further investigation owned that realm in fee—as perhaps they do. Personally, if I may venture to speak of myself, so long, so steadily, so strenuously have I sung the charms, manifold and multifarious, of the New York matron and maid that I am glad of the chance to strum another guitar, delighted at the opportunity to declaim the subtler beauty of these radiant princesses of the South.

At that Horse Show they were out in full force. And well they might be. The grounds were charming. I think that not in France, and I am quite sure not in England, could there be anything more ideally rural, anything so suavely aromatic, anything as suggestive of the uplands of dream. Toward sunset the terraces and perspectives turned out picture after picture such as occasionally you may see on the walls of the Salon, the marriage of contrasting and interfiltering hues, the union of green and violet, of salmon and cobalt. But these effects were atmospheric and details besides. Beauty had come not for them but for the Beast, for horseflesh, incidentally for horsemanship, and Beauty got both and both were tip-top, jumps that were vertiginous and croppers that were immense. In clearing a final hurdle one animal—a klinker if ever there were—turned a complete summersault and fell, the rider beneath. You could almost hear the crunch of bones, you could fancy both dead and disjointed. But not a bit of it. They were up again and off in a jiffy. And there was one horse the like of which I have encountered before, but only in those frescoes which are pictorial of the Chariots of the Sun. His name is Silver Bill. The fences he took and the way he took them, the ease and elasticity of his flights, deserve to go down with a nimbus through Time.

But the bouquet of the function was a cavalcade of young gentlemen competing for a cup which the judges, Mr. P. F. Collier and Mr. Herbert, finally awarded to Miss Lurnman. The process of decision, though, was very long, very arduous, and during it the judges enjoyed the entire commiseration of every one on the grounds. For to the amateur and average critic there was no choice, or perhaps it would be more exact to say that choice was plentiful, too plentiful even, an *embarras of choice* as an article so confusing that it presupposed the wisdom of Solomon and the tact of Chesterfield to reach a decision at all. Being possessed of those qualities the judges got there at last, and their selection was ratified by immediate applause. Afterward there was jumping over four successive five-foot fences, twenty-seven entries for another cup, which Silver Bill, mounted by Mr. Robert Elder, Jr., won in a walk. Meanwhile the sun had gone. In its stead the moon had risen, one such as you may see only in the South and in the last act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," a huge plat of butter melting in the sky, dripping from it long rills of oleo-margarine, and in that bath of ochre the Heart of Maryland clattered from the Kennels back to town.

The curse-card is the last novelty. Introduced a short time ago in Switzerland, it has become the rage among the rageful. According to the latest advices it is spreading through Europe and presently, no doubt, will reach these shores. Its utility is great. In those moments of irritation which visit every one, you have to speak or suffocate. In such circumstances big words and short sentences while a distinct relief to some are to others a distinct annoyance. It is only the very proud who say nothing. Now pride is a screen behind which we rage at our ease. Yet, as every one does not possess it, the value of the curse-card is patent. Made

of blanks of assorted sizes, you have in accordance with your annoyances merely to fill in the large ones or the small. For instance, supposing you had journeyed to Baltimore and on the return trip, while lost in memories of the princesses you had seen, your hat is snatched from you and a dusky hand occupies itself in badgering you with a brush. "Base minion," you write, "go to the very deuce." Or if you wish to be terser and more medieval, you scribble the grand old twelfth century oath—Mormo! Bombo!! Gorgo!!! Whereat, relaxed and relieved, you relapse into dreams again. Cards of this nature, preserved for future reference, will be serviceable in showing just how gentlemanly you have been and cause your grandchildren to venerate you the more.

Modern atheism bases one of its contentions on the fact that when geography was younger the earth was regarded as a flat parallelogram above which was heaven and below which was hell, while at present such conceptions of space being impossible, wherever we may presume heaven to be there is no place in which we may locate hell. In the circumstances the supposition recently advanced by Mr. Lathrop is entertaining. It may be remembered that a hero of a serial story of his joined a Futurity Club, an organization which succeeded in preserving him by a chemical process for three hundred years, at the expiration of which period he is restored to life, visits Mars, Minnesota and other distant resorts and states what the advance of science has been. The final installment of this story has reached me, and in it are the views of the future on hell. The latter is staring us in the face. It is the sun. There is the abode of the lost, who, by way of compensation for the evil which they did on earth, are utilized in feeding the immense combustion which provides us with heat and comfort, but which, as Mr. Lathrop notes, when it shines too intensely drives individuals mad. Thus far the weather has been pleasant enough, but last summer, when this story was presumably in process of elaboration, we were visited by a hot wave during which men and beasts fell dead. In the absence of any information on the subject it is a hope to me that Mr. Lathrop was in nowise affected.

Among the wonders that yet may be are new teeth. In the future of which Mr. Lathrop writes a method has been perfected of causing them to grow by means of "calcareous antisepticized bandages," a method which sounds profound but which I should hesitate to say does more. At the same time I am not a dentist and therefore disqualified to judge. Admitting new teeth, the latter are to masticate protean substances manufactured by chemical transformations from wood fiber in immense quantities on the Amazon, in Africa and in the Ind. Food as a consequence will be amazingly abundant, amazingly cheap. Everything is to be amazing. For instance, we are to have artificial wood made from compressed chloro-cellulose and tale disintegrated by water under pressure. In addition we are to have artificial leather. It will be produced by the electrical fixture of nitrogen in carbo-hydrates. We are also to enjoy artificial health—the product of compound virus. Everything not amazing is to be artificial, in view of which, while I may not pretend to the clairvoyance of Mr. Lathrop, I will venture to prophesy that with so much artificiality the demand for artificial tales will be slight.

The "Gil Blas," a Parisian sheet, has been declaiming at length on the subject of the decline of Oriental polygamy, and that apparently because the Shah of Persia has but sixty wives while his predecessor had nearly two thousand, some of which, for his sake as well as theirs, I hope he never saw. In Berlin, after viewing the Empress Augusta, he said to the Emperor, "Why don't you hang her?"—a remark cheerfully Oriental which it took the old lady a long time to digest. The present incumbent, Muzaffer-ed-Din, seems to be an inoffensive person with a mania for being photographed. There are pictures of him on foot and on horseback. There is a picture of him seated on that Peacock throne the value of which is between ten and fifteen million dollars. He has been photographed in bed and also in the guise of an English curate. According to Mr. Fraser, one of the three commissioners of "Travel" who are now cycling round the world, he exhibits, among other toys, a globe of the world which is made of pure gold incrustated with fifty thousand jewels. The seas are stretches of emeralds. England is made of diamonds, Europe of sapphires, Persia of turquoises, India of amethysts, Africa of rubies, but of what the United States is composed he does not state. Mr. Fraser adds that the Shah is unpopular with his subjects because he does not treat them with the severity to which they are accustomed and which no doubt they deserve. If that be true, may his stature never grow less.

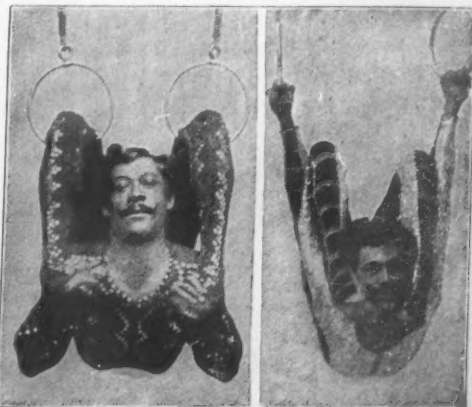
In a letter to the Editor, Mr. Charles McIlvaine, the Philadelphia expert, expresses himself as follows: "Into my den come all the magazines and weeklies of the United States. But COLLIER'S is my treat. It is exhilarant—a storage of thought, an incentive to good thinking. Your array of writers is select and the choicest of the land. I pay COLLIER'S a compliment I pay to nothing else, I read it from start to finish and then read it again. You know I sling a pretty good pen, but when I read Edgar Saltus or Fawcett or the editorial page—Thanks, Mr. McIlvaine. I do not know into what volume of forgotten lore you delved and mined that jewel of a word exhilarant, but there is in it a brilliance, an effervescence and a copiousness which has filled me with envy and delight. Your praise, too, is grateful, and in so far as it concerns everything and everybody except myself, I may as an onlooker in Venice declare that it is deserved. But precisely as it takes a thief to catch a thief so does it take a literary man to catch on in matters literary. The leaves in Vallombrosa are not piled thicker than are the periodicals which come to me. Of them COLLIER'S is my treat also. I, too, enjoy as I enjoy nothing else the wisdom on the editorial page and the wit and wickedness of Mr. Fawcett. Mr. McIlvaine, *les beaux esprits se rencontrent*, but, *comme les imbéciles se le disent*, I shan't. What I may say is, Mr. McIlvaine, sir, here's to you.

Eduard von Hartmann, Germany's foremost metaphysician, stated some time ago that if socialism were let alone it would work its own cure, that persecution was the very thing on which it fattened. In the circumstances it is interesting to note that in social democracy as it exists at present there is a curious reaction against the doctrines of its apostle Marx, who taught, as all the world is aware, that as wealth increases in geometric proportion so does poverty, and that in time there would be but a few magnates face to face with huge enslaved populations, whereupon explosion would ensue and the reorganization of society begin. Recently it has been denied that the poor are growing poorer and the rich richer. Mr. Mallock had a lot to say on the subject not long ago and now Dr. Bruno Schoenlank, editor of the "Socialist Journal" in Leipzig, has not only a lot to say, he has statistics also. If his statistics are accepted and his statements as well, socialism as it was, orthodox socialism, must disappear and with it the dream, and the not very beautiful one at that, of international brotherhood, utopian cosmopolitanism, the transformation of the State into a guild to which all productive capital shall appertain. In that case *Requiscat*.

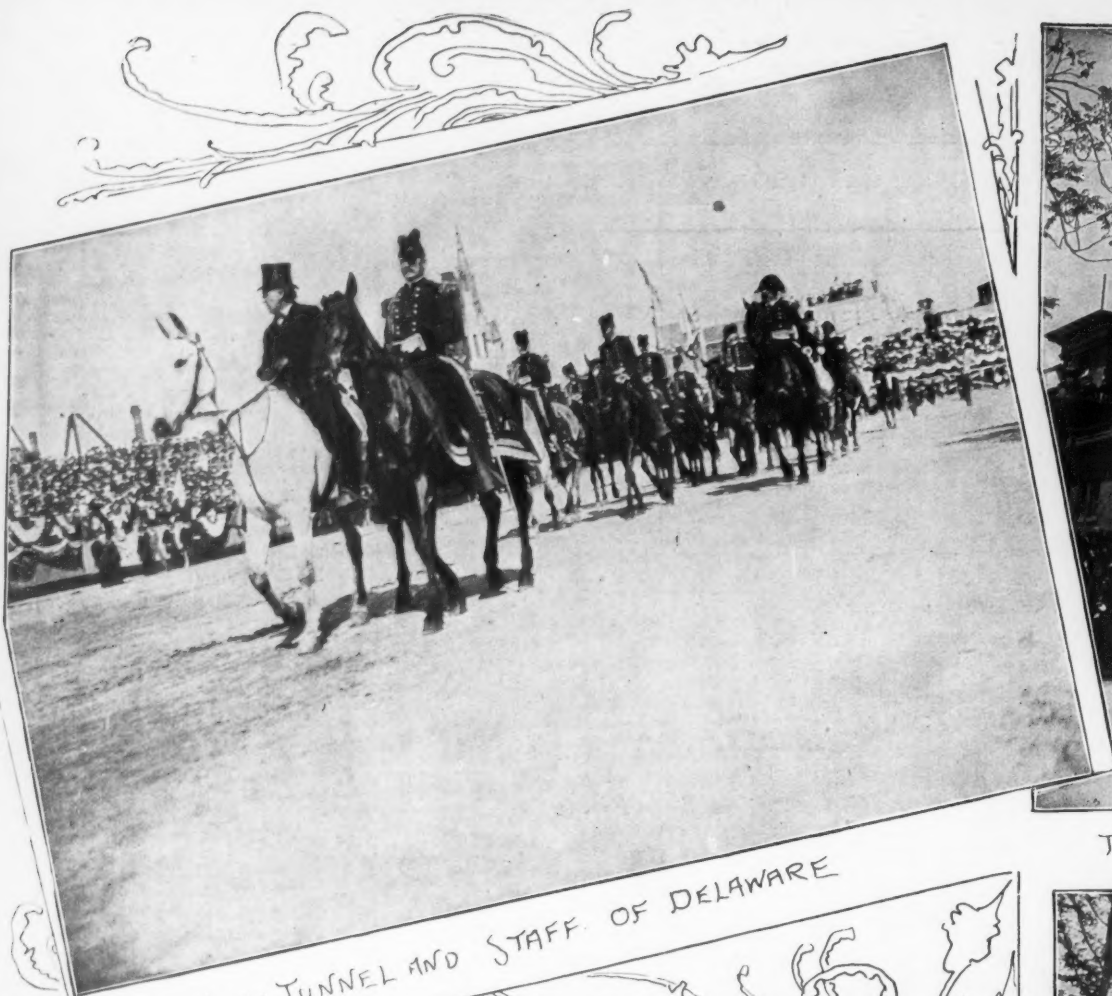
There are several things the world should have and which ultimately the world will get, a universal language, for instance, a universal creed, universal reciprocity and universal coin. But while waiting these things which Time has in store there is no imaginable reason why we should not have a universal postage stamp. Another international postal congress is about to convene; it should look to it. If I am correctly informed, the chief obstacle which former conventions have encountered has been the opposition of the representatives of our government. There would be loss of revenue, the loss of the double postage exacted of the receiver of a letter which is not prepaid, and that of course is a thing to be avoided; for it is not one of our most cherished principles that if the government but take care of the pennies we can take care of ourselves. It has, however, been intimated before and may be suggested again, that that which depletes the pocket of the citizen does not enrich the country, that government and governed are interchangeable factors; but totally apart from that, the postal system was organized for the convenience of the individual and not to fill any void with which the Treasury may ache. Besides, the revenue of authors should be considered. One of its main fonts consists in the return stamps sent to them by the autograph collector. Were there an international stamp think how many they would receive from their admirers throughout the world. There, at least, is something on which the government may meditate.

Mr. J. I. C. Clark in a recent article advocates the establishment of a National Theater, one devoted to the highest art, where the best of tragedy and comedy may be produced, and one which, as a matter of course, should be endowed. Mr. Clark's project is, if I am not in error, the subject of a bill before Congress where presumably it has been tabled. The idea, however, is nonetheless excellent. We should have not only a National Theater but we should have a National Opera House, and both should be in full enjoyment of a copious subsidy. When we get them we will be in luck, but meanwhile history will repeat itself. Next winter and for many another to come impresarii will provide for the entertainment and education of the public the usual assortments of rot. For that, however, the impresarii are in nowise to blame. They are not philanthropists, they are business men. If the public wanted the highest art, if there were a demand for the best of tragedy and of comedy, they would supply it. But the public doesn't. The public admires these things—at a distance. If urged to come and applaud them free, it might, but it would not linger. The success of the year is "The Girl from Paris." Though it has been running for months there is still Standing Room Only. More utter drivel is possible, of course, but it would require a peculiarly lack-luster imagination to produce it. In "The Arlesienne" there was a tender of high art and the house remained empty. Mr. Tree offered the best of tragedy and comedy, but he offered them in vain. There were no takers. By all means let us have a National Theater, but let us have a public to appreciate it first.

Señor Pablo Diaz, photographs of whom are appended, and who is billed for an early appearance in this city, is a gentleman of a highly original turn of body. He eats but one meal in twenty-four hours, and whether on that account or natural aptitude or both is beyond me, yet, in any event, he is regarded as the best all around contortionist of the day—the distinctive



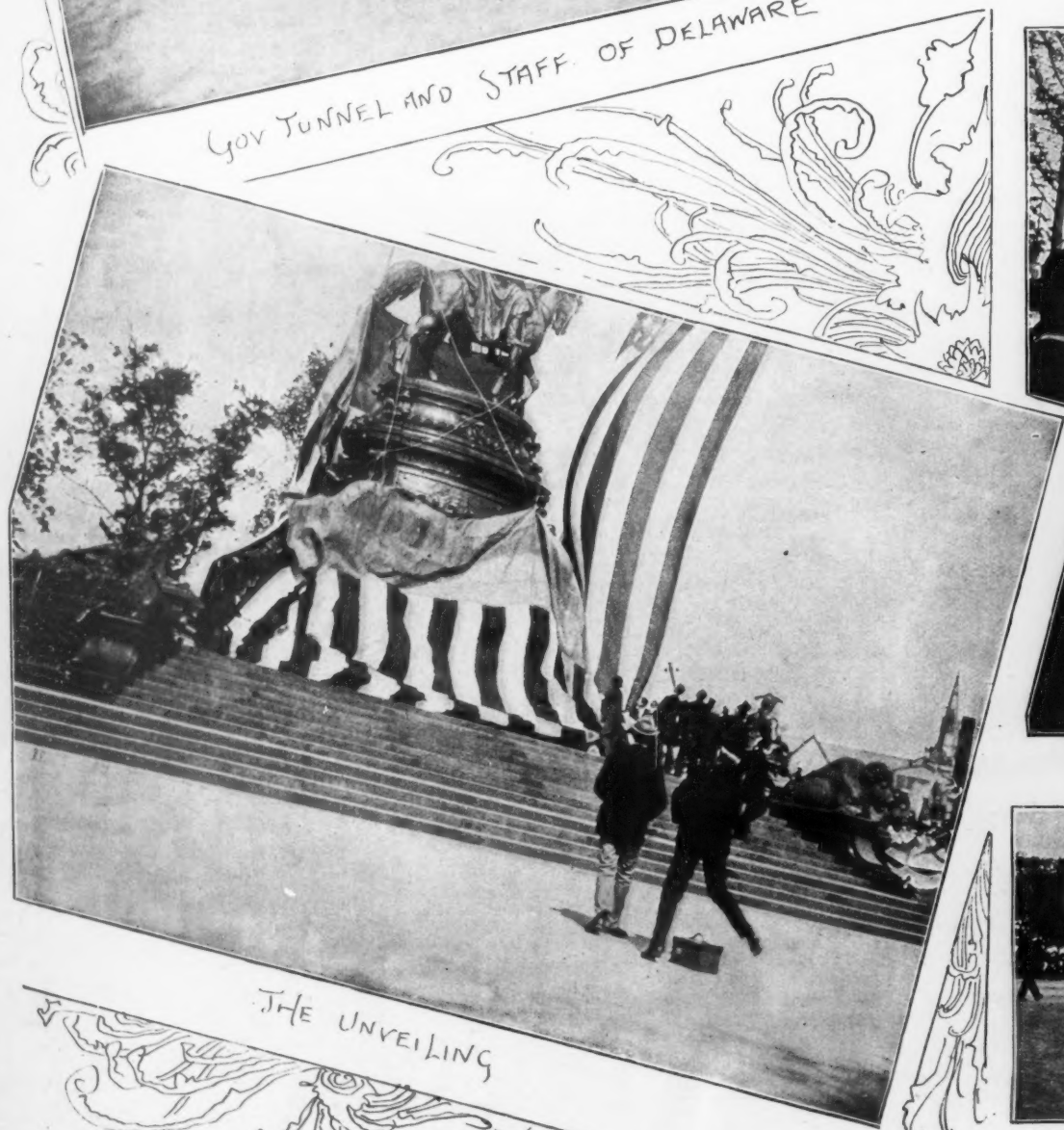
feature of his performance consisting in the fact that from the time he appears on the stage to the time he leaves it not once does he set foot upon it. He swings up into rings and then proceeds to turn himself into others. I may commend him to your admiration, but to your emulation I do not dare.



GOV TUNNEL AND STAFF OF DELAWARE



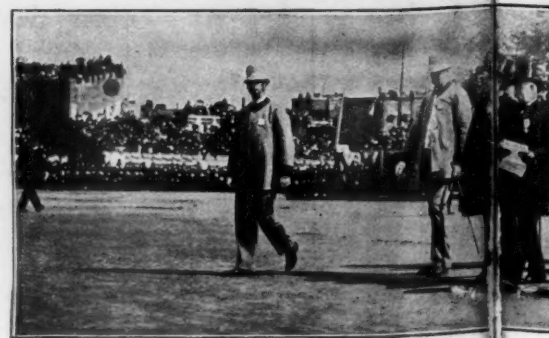
THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB WHERE



THE UNVEILING



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ADDRESS



THE PRESIDENT AND PARTY

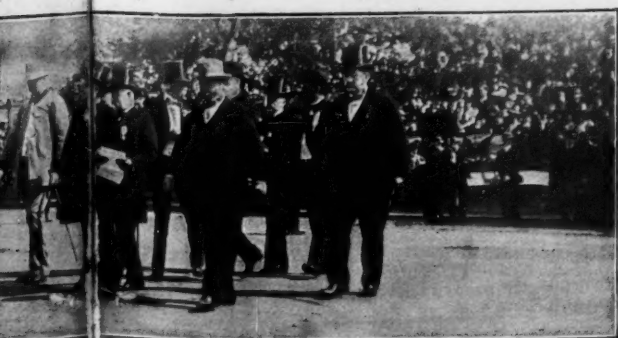
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY UNVEILS THE MONUMENT TO



WHERE THE PRESIDENT DINED

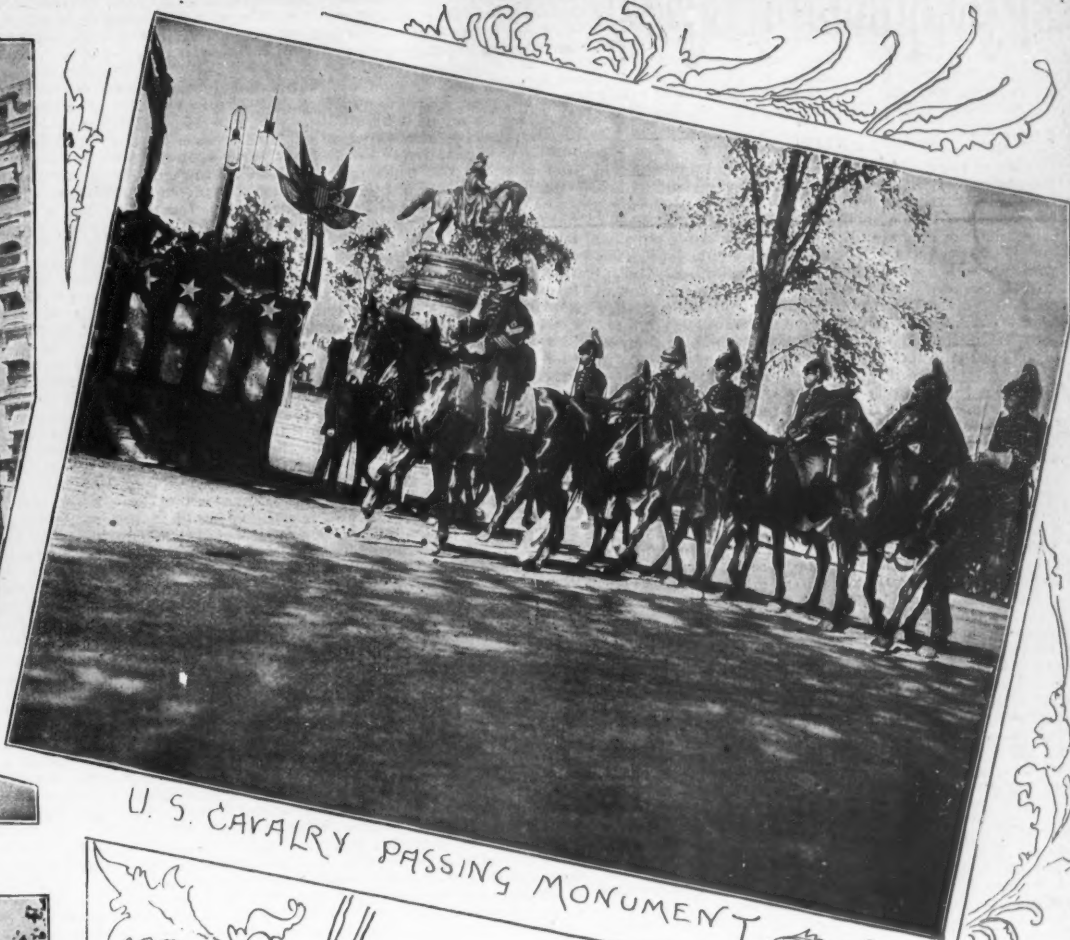


Y'S ADDRESS

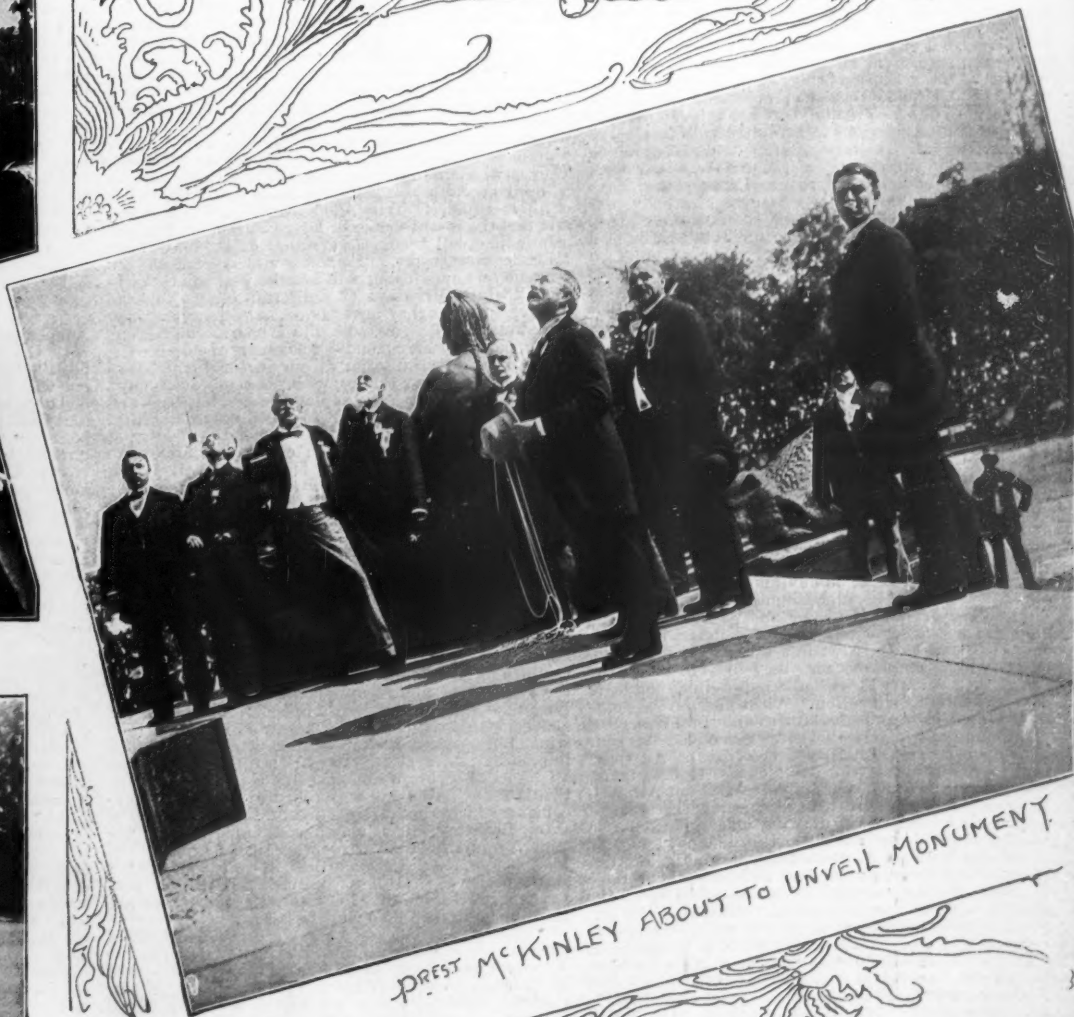


AND PARTY

MONUMENT TO GENERAL WASHINGTON AT PHILADELPHIA.



U. S. CAVALRY PASSING MONUMENT



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ABOUT TO UNVEIL MONUMENT

MEN MANNER MOOD

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XLII.

ONE of the most prominent editors and publishers in the country—a man who has paid ten thousand dollars for a story that he desired, and who would not hesitate to pay twice that sum if the work suited his needs—asked me, not long ago, if I would write him a political novel. The request stirred my ambition, but soon afterward it challenged my despair. An American political novel! Suppose that one gave one's self a single clean year in which to write it. At the end of that time might not all our "issues" have so completely altered that the chronicle would read, before publication, as tamely as the columns of an old newspaper? In America the burning questions are now financial ones, and from these drama is intensely difficult to secure. True, one might take Mr. Bryan's recent "silver" frenzy for a subject. But I cannot see how any novel dealing with this gentleman as a central figure could be made in the least attractive. His aims, however strenuous, are not heroic, and though the pith and gist of them are that America may force the rest of the civilized world to treat a half-dollar with the same respect that it bestows on a whole dollar, to chronicle such audacity in fiction would be to shadow forth there a figure repellent and perverse. Besides, the whole occurrence of this curious attempted *coup d'état* would lack interest unless veracious documentary evidence of grasping Nevada mine-owners pushing Mr. Bryan toward his recent folly of endeavor could be successfully gained and used. . . . All in all, say what one may please, our politics must fail to offer the romancer a field other than dull. Contemporaneous political doings may teem with trickeries, but these are prosaic in the extreme. Moreover, they are executed with an impenetrable secrecy, and they are as totally exempt from "color," and also from the novelist's cherished and longed-for "atmosphere," as the buying and selling of ordinary commodities across a Sixth Avenue counter.

Still, it must be granted, Mrs. Humphry Ward has lately done wonders with English politics in her last fine and noble novel, "Sir George Tressady." Perhaps, therefore, I am quite wrong, and perhaps the turmoil of disputatious greeds and passions in our Washington Senate and Congress might be treated no less forcibly than this talented woman has treated like subjects, with the historic House of Commons for a *locale*. Still, in any case, an intense familiarity with Washington political life would be required. And yet this is constantly changing. One administration may not differ from another as one star differeth from another in glory, but the divergences, measured by brief periods of four years, are all the more difficult, from their evanescent nature, for effective portraiture to seize and hold. And this reflection brings us to the consideration of what and how and when the prophesied Great American Novel shall be. Twenty years ago this reference to a forthcoming stupendous work dotted with its triad of capital letters almost every "literary column" at which one glanced. The Great American Novel—they were always dinning it into our ears. Latterly they have ceased to do so; and why? Because somebody, one day, had the blended courage and common-sense to ask what was really meant by this peculiar collocation of a noun and two adjectives.

Nobody could answer. Nobody has ever been able to answer. All that anybody can possibly say, now that the tedious little shibboleth has been silenced, is that the Great American Novel must be, in the first place, a novel, in the second place great, and in the third, American. Previously there was a misty idea that it must be something bounded on the east by the Atlantic, on the west by the Pacific, on the north by Canada and the large lakes, and on the south by the Mexican Gulf. Now we realize that he who attempted any such achievement would produce only a dreary hodge-podge. Unquestionably, however, our great metropolitan centers will afford material most malleable and distinctive. There is no use in going among little provincial towns and writing about the people who live and die there, and then asserting that your work is American. You may have done something that is Maine, or Tennessee, or California, or Alabama, or Massachusetts, but you cannot, by this method, do anything that is American. Mrs. Stowe did not, nor did Holmes, nor, for that matter, did Cooper. The majestic and poetic Hawthorne did not. In the sense that Dickens and Thackeray are English, none of these writers are American. And, again, why? Simply because they did not study the life of their country at its sources, its boiling-points, of development, of civilization. When you devote yourself to the villages and small towns and rural regions of your land, you merely study it. When you fix your gaze upon its great cities, you describe it. All roads lead to Rome, but if you don't choose to take them, your Rome, and hence your Italy, remains unportrayed. It seems to me that I can never speak with sufficient emphasis (now that I am growing older and shall soon lose the power to speak at all) on this unhappy tendency of our native writers to avoid rich opportunities afforded them by the concentrated human existence discoverable in all large cities, the nationality expressed there, the intensity of civic individualism, contrast, grouping, picturesqueness, light-and-shade. The great error, with so many would-be "American" writers, is in supposing that New York will only afford them New Yorkers, Boston only Bostonians, Chicago only Chicagoans, San Francisco San Franciscans alone. Never was there a more fatal fallacy. You may dwell in some tiny settlement and tell yourself that it contains three or four types of character which you can find nowhere else. Pack your trunk and take a train for the nearest actual town, and you will find all these types there, just as vividly accentuated, living in your own street, or the next, or the next. To deal with them will probably be

more difficult, for surrounding conditions will prove more complicated. But the more stern your task the ampler your artistic reward. And if there is any conceivable way of writing a great American novel, fervent scrutiny of the great American cities will solely be instrumental in pointing it out.

Scarcely less fascinating to the imagination than that we may soon enjoy interstellar *tête-à-têtes* with Mars, is the report that a Californian astronomer, Mr. F. M. Close, has discovered an excellent reason for the strangely erratic revolutions of our earth upon its axis and also for the continual presentment toward our mundane vision of only a single side of the moon. Mr. Close declares, as a Californian *savant*, that the moon has a dead twin. Californian *savants* have not hitherto been numerous, and it is not hard to fancy the autocratic scowl of Berlin or Vienna or Paris, at an assertion of this astonishing sort. Perhaps there would be no scowls at all, but only a look or two of fleeting and gentle surprise from transatlantic astronomers, whose eyes, like those of Tennyson's "lotus-eaters," have "grown dim with gazing at the pilot stars." Yet to such poor unscientific folk as myself, who are prone to forget the difference between parallax and equinox, between apogee and perigee, the idea of a monstrous twin moon, influential yet non-luminous, is enticing in the extreme. Of course, if now luminous, this body must be incessantly shadowed by the larger bulk of its lunar sister. For we know that the moon herself is non-luminous, that she shines only with borrowed solar rays. But I am not presuming to contradict our Californian Copernicus. If flaws are to be found in his "theory," let the cold and haughty spirit of Exactitude sternly pick them out. From childhood "the other side of the moon" has been to me so engaging a realm of invisible topography that now, in a mood of relative weariness, I gladly welcome this postulate, whether audacious or not, regarding a mystic concomitant satellite. Off among the incalculable vastitudes of space, as we have now learned, roll dead systems of stars—corpses of Jupiters and Venuses and Earths, whirling about extinguished suns. In the contemplation of such seeming waste the most devout religionist must sometimes feel his faith in the economic wisdom of a deity tremble and fail. But the great trouble with man, whether he deals in worship or negation, is that he looks upon the universe as an affair which chiefly concerns himself. Given a deity of the sublimest conceivable intelligence, there is no reason for inferring, for even supposing, that man is by any means the be-all and end-all of His creation. I am not in the faintest way taking issue against those people who go to church, those people who pray there (and elsewhere) with passionate zeal. I am simply referring to an arrogance of attitude which would assume for man a place of domination either in the universe at large or on this tiny comparative sand-grain which we call earth. Scarcely four hundred years ago we believed that our globe was square, and supported at its four angles by benevolent yet preternaturally muscular spirits. If anybody presumed to state otherwise we either imprisoned, tortured, or slew him. Now we not only admit that the earth is round and wheels about the sun at prodigious speed, but we are compelled also to grant that it is a mere comparative atom in the huge cosmos. Science tells us that millions of worlds may be uninhabited by any race like our own, but it also reduces to logical fact the existence of life, whether higher or lower than our own, on quadrillions of other worlds. A very few centuries, fume against it as we will, have taught us that we are all a very petty lot. They have taught us that our sun will eventually become as dead as our moon. They have taught us that our earth is gradually dying, and that all its oceans and seas and rivers will sooner or later be dried up, that our atmosphere will become so attenuated as to let no mortal thing breathe it, that for measureless years the orb on which we now dwell will be like that effete "twin moon" which Mr. Close of California claims to have discovered. But they have taught us still more. They have taught us that we, with all the epic anguish of our wars, with all the splendid solemnity of our creeds, with all the minor miseries of our personal hates, jealousies, passions and crimes, with all the beautiful and holy frenzies of our loves, philanthropies, heroisms and self-abnegations—that we, in so-called august totality, are of no more appreciable import than the budding of a leaf or the falling of one. For we, from Finland to New Zealand, from the Rocky Mountains to the Himalayas, vaunt ourselves as we will, are the merest ephemeral incident on a planet which existed ages on ages without us, and which, without us, will continue ages on ages, slowly to decay.

Hence it is almost irritating to read, in a recent number of "McClure's Magazine," what a certain Mr. J. W. Dam has to say about that stately, lofty and unbiased writer, the late Mr. Huxley. If there was ever a man who looked on human life as it has been, as it is, and as it probably may be, with calm, brave, honest, unflinching eyes, that man was Huxley. He had not the genius—the almost miraculous synthetic and analytic genius—of Mr. Herbert Spencer, nor can he be classed with that demigod of scientific intuition, Darwin. But he was a creature of such great gifts, of such luminous acumen, of such unsparing ratiocination, that all of us who revere and love his genius are but too thankful for its having been allied with a literary excellence which almost rivals that of Macaulay himself. How Macaulay (that magnificent and indomitable Whig!) would have loved his work, had he not died in 1856, before Huxley's name had flowered out with a single positive petal of its destined thrift! . . . And yet from Mr. Dam, of "McClure's Magazine," we are called upon to read such words as these:

"Huxley has come and gone. . . . In the language of pure science, and for all time, he laid down a principle which removes the greatest stumbling-block in the path of the eager seekers of this and future time. This is, that the apprehension of the higher truths of life is within the reach of the esthetic faculties only; that the human reason is not the door by which the truths of religion find entrance to the mind, and that it is no evidence of the untruth of religion that the reason alone cannot receive it. This had been said before, nineteen hundred years before, but Huxley's statement is the one for modern skeptics' need."

Honestly, I do not think it would be possible to form a more incorrect estimate than the foregoing, of this wide-brained and marvelous man. He laid down no such principle as that with which he is here fathered. Indeed, he has even gone so far as to state that it is outside the bounds of real morality to indorse any belief to which the reason does not accord full sanction. Whether "it is no evidence of the untruth of religion that the reason alone cannot receive it," I refrain from venturing to discuss. A great many good and reputable people (including our essayist himself) may be of this opinion. But from this opinion, I should very stoutly maintain, Huxley in all respects dissented. To assert otherwise is to wrong his memory. It is to make him a transcendentalist like Emerson, and he was in every respect Emerson's opposite. The emotions, "the esthetic faculties" (as Mr. Dam puts it) he never trusted. In science, knowledge, *scientia*, the acquirement of facts and their unerring guidance, he at all times reposed an inflexible faith. To prove this we need only glance at certain of his more salient *dicta*. Here is one of them:

"The clergy are at present divisible into three sections: An immense body who are ignorant and speak out; a small proportion who know and are silent; and a minute minority who know and speak according to their knowledge."

And here is another, *à propos* of orthodoxy, both in practice and creed:

"The modern world is full of artillery; and we turn out our children to do battle in it, equipped with the shield and sword of an ancient gladiator."

And again, this pregnant passage, which strikes me as peculiarly packed with refutation of Mr. Dam's astounding misapprehensions:

"If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I nor any one else have any means of knowing, and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all, I do not think he has any right to call me a skeptic."

Once more:

"Orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget; and though at present bewildered and afraid to move, it is as willing as ever to insist that the first chapter of Genesis contains the beginning and the end of sound science, and to visit, with such thunderbolts as its half-paralyzed hands can hurl, those who refuse to degrade Nature to the level of primitive Judaism."

But Mr. Dam's declarations regarding the spirit and impulse of Huxley's writings are best shown as haphazard inaccuracy by such unmistakable sentences as these:

"The reconciliation of physics and metaphysics lies in the acknowledgment of faults upon both sides; in the confession by physics that all the phenomena of nature are, in their ultimate analysis, known to us only as facts of consciousness; in the admission by metaphysics that the facts of consciousness are, practically, interpretable only by the methods and the formulae of physics; and, finally, in the observance, both by physical and metaphysical thinkers, of Descartes's maxim—*assent to no proposition the matter of which is not so clear and distinct that it cannot be doubted*."

Yes, it is quite true that Huxley has "come and gone." But in no intellectual sense have his precepts perished. Such as they are (and to me they are very noble and beautiful in their fearless avowal of the truth), nothing could be more vividly distinct. I do not say that the "McClure's Magazine" contributor has willfully falsified Huxley's relations toward posterity; but in treating them as he has done he has blundered with strangest folly. I have let him down, all in all, very gently. Others, my superiors, if they noticed his misleading article at all, might have endeavored to teach him a lesson far more severe—a lesson, I mean, in that uncompromising veracity of which Huxley himself was always so magnificent an example.

A late number of "Munsey's Magazine," I see, accompanies a portrait of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich with the affirmation that he is "our foremost living poet." This is as it should be. Mr. Aldrich *is*. No one who has any close intimacy with American letters, and who, at the same time, can separate personal prejudice from literary judgment, will deny that Mr. Aldrich has written many, many poems of incomparable and durable beauty. I think I could mention at least twenty of his poems which must only die when the language dies as well; and to say this, calmly and judiciously, of any versifier on earth is to say a great deal. But, unless I am wrong, there are hosts of reviewers who would not be willing to say it; and since I have been writing, a brief while ago, of the radiant Huxley, it might be well, just here, to quote one more of his stinging assertions—pertinent, in this instance, to those unjust assaults which he himself was so often called upon to endure. "The average *litterateur*," he states, "acquires his knowledge from the book he judges, as the Abyssinian is said to provide himself with steaks from the ox who carries him." This species of treatment seems to have gained currency in the case of a metrical writer whom numerous critics have inordinately petted and caressed. I refer to Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, and I am confident that to-day there are thousands of readers who would regard you with amazement if you told them that nearly everything thus far published by Mr. Riley is thin, jachrymose and patry. Yet this is true. It is as true as that nearly everything which Mr. Aldrich has published is of the sincerest and most exquisite art. Mr. Riley is apparently having his "day." And who, after all, really give it to him? The kinds of people who think Tennyson "stilted"—who will tell you that "In Memoriam" and "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses" and "Lucretius" are "hard to understand." The kinds of people (heaven bless them, for I've no quarrel with them!) who see no difference between tin-pan jingle and true melodious rhythm; who believe there is "heart" and "feeling" and "honest, homely sentiment" in what is mere mawkishness at most. The difference between such a writer as Mr. Riley and Robert Burns is actually enormous, though it may appear slight. Burns expressed the rude and untutored Scotch peasant life of centuries past. Mr. Riley is forever putting into very bad English the language of certain American citizens with whom bad English grows every year less and less of an excuse.

They are people who send their children to public schools (and very often to private ones), who follow, from a feminine point of view, the latest Parisian fashions, who have sewing machines and pianos in their houses, telephones in their business offices, and an incessant multiplicity of book-agents at their gates. They are in no sense a peasantry, and they are well aware of it. Thousands of them have read and appreciated such poems as "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." Thousands of them have enjoyed the lyrics of Whittier and Holmes. They would resent not being called "ladies" and "gentlemen." They tell their sons that the Presidency of the United States is open to them as a future possibility, and with perfect truth. They speak (those of them who persist in remaining uneducated) not "dialect" at all. What they speak is only "bad grammar," and Mr. Riley puts their bad grammar into sentimental lyrics and amuses and "catches on" with them for this reason. Burns put into sincere and often passionate verse the benightedness of a land whose terrible bigotries and tyrannies of caste had long persecuted. Mr. Riley deliberately (I do not wish to say wantonly) puts into verse the coarseness of communities from which it is high time that they should be rid. Millet, the great French painter of peasant life, has portrayed its hopeless and melancholy conditions with masterly ease and power. Mr. Riley is the antipodes of both Millet and Burns. He is, in literature—if it can be claimed for him that he is in literature at all—a destructive rather than a vivifying force. Nine-tenths of his lyrical effort, were it robbed of its piteously mutilated syntax, would be the extremity of commonplace. Either Mr. Riley is essentially vulgar or we must eliminate the word "vulgarity" from our dictionaries. And why he is vulgar, and nothing better, can be easily explained. The element of sadness, of sadness born from oppression and long years of oppression, from struggle against despotic social stress and long years of such struggle—this element, I would maintain, is never a vulgar one. But it instantly becomes vulgar when civilization and culture are its next-door neighbors. The low classes in Italy, for example, are not vulgar; they are deplorable, yet also picturesque. The banditti of Greece are not vulgar; they are criminal, revolting, yet still picturesque. But an American who "chews" and spits and puts his feet on window-sills, an Englishman who drops his "h's" and talks about a "bloomin' fine day" or "a bloody nasty" one, is vulgar beyond words. And why? Because people of this stamp are in perpetual contrast with refinements which closely encompass them. To a certain degree they are inevitably refined themselves. If Croesus asks into his stately pleasure-house a fishwife from the *Halles* of Paris and bids her eat of his rare viands and drink of his choice wines, she is not vulgar while partaking of such patrician cheer. She is natural, representative, nakedly human. Her humble ancestry, like her uncouth deportment, has its own excuse for being. But if Mrs. Jinks from Kalamazoo comes to dine with him in diamonds and a silken gown, and "eats with her knife," and openly revolts from the rule of a verb over a pronoun in the objective case, then she is vulgar, and her diamonds and her silken gown, both glaringly hostile to her illiteracy, make her so. Mr. Riley wants us to believe that he has found a genuine strain of poetry in the rawness and crudity of our West. He has done nothing of the sort. He has found there vulgarity alone, because he has found eager and earnest progress in a transitional state. His descriptions of landscape, of the fragrance and beauty in flowers, of old roads and barns and horses and trees, of lakes and ponds and rivers and blossoming swamps, of springtide, midsummer or autumnal waysides, are all, when put into the mouths of his bores and clods, resonant with a dreary spuriousness. People who dwell in those districts may have their thrills and qualms of ecstasy and delight concerning nature and nature's changes, but if they are as uneducated as he presents them to us, they never give vent to such emotional monologues as those with which he accredits them. They either remain silent or they do not deliver themselves of such "wood-notes wild." I have rarely read a lyric of Mr. Riley's that did not ring false. I have known, in my life, many unlettered countryfolk, and among them I have never met a single person whose admiration of nature went beyond the affirmation "Ain't this a nice morning?" or "I guess it'll rain pretty soon," or "This is good weather for the crops." No such rhapsodical rustics as Mr. Riley so daringly draws exist either "eastward of the sun or westward of the moon." His work would not be vulgar were it measurably realistic. It is vulgar because it harps upon the crass ugliness of humanity while this is so evidently striving (with the assistance of railroad, telegraph, steamboat and every other agency of culture) to throw that crass ugliness away. It is Mrs. Jinks from Kalamazoo, in diamonds and a silk gown, "eating with her knife" and massacring her nominative case. It is obviously written for the semi-educated, for the people who get a laugh or a "cry" out of it, and who yet have not mental training enough to discern its bastard art. The pages of Mr. Riley's many books contain no real beauty. They all abound in the flimsiest and cheapest appeals to heedless and limited brains. They are the "song and dance," the "variety show" of literature—granting, as I have said, that they are literature at all. They have been praised, I am well aware, by two or three able writers, but praised, I must insist, mistakenly. Many lines of them are absolute doggerel, as I am compelled, with the deepest regret, to declare. Their beauty is muffled, inchoate, ineffectual; their rhythm is of the trumpery, hand-organ type; their intellectualism is zero. All that they reveal is an illegitimate emotion—an emotion so deliberative and unspontaneous, so clad in masque and domino, that its pose and strut, its pirouetting and attitudinizing, make us wonder how sincere and trustworthy observers could ever have been so tricked as to pronounce it genuine. And yet our American public are perhaps buying and reading a hundred volumes by Mr. Riley where they buy and read one by Mr. Aldrich. If our "twilight of the poets" were not so dim as it is I should not mention Mr. Riley's tenuous stanzas at all. But what is one to do? Those who realize the absurdity of his claim are too "politic" to denounce it; a few accomplished critics are misguided enough to applaud it; and there the case stands. If I remind my countryfolk, without a shadow of malice or ill-feeling, that they are patronizing trash,

that they are exalting triviality, that they are turning away from high and fine ideals in poetic art to worship low and worthless ones, am I to be called "jealous" and "spiteful" and "vindictive" and everything else which Mr. Riley's friends and admirers may indignantly light upon? Undoubtedly, yes. I recognize this, but I recognize more. The poor, scorned, insulted cause of American excellence in poetry is intensely dear to me. It is narrated of the late Duc D'Aumale that when he superintended the Council of Judgment against General Bazaine, and approved the verdict of death pronounced upon him for having surrendered Metz to the Germans, Bazaine pitifully cried out: "But there was nothing behind me!" . . . "There was France," replied the Duc D'Aumale. . . . And so, when it is asked by the adherents of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, "What is there better behind him than these rhymes which you condemn?" I can only answer: "There is poetry."

The editors of the "Voice" (a well-known Prohibition journal) have been sending about to their friends and patrons four questions, the first of which runs as follows:

1. Do you agree with James Parton, who says that he is convinced that a man who lives by his brains is of all men bound to avoid stimulating his brains by means of alcoholic liquors?

I, for one, certainly do agree with James Parton. But alas, how few men who "live by their brains" are always able to practice what they preach! Especially do newspaper workers feel forced, from time to time, to spur with liquors their jaded energies. It is this that makes journalism the most unhealthy of all professions, and fills its ranks with unhappy dissipation and too often with untimely death. If I had a son I should far rather he would begin life as a cobbler or even a tailor than as a journalist, impure and unsimple.

The second question, slightly condensed, inquires: "Is your experience (as a writer) like that of Sydney Smith, who says, 'I see better without wine?' . . . My own experience has certainly been that I see better without wine. The great point with all brain-workers is to secure, if possible, from seven to eight hours of healthful sleep—that kind of sleep which does not move in the same circles with the bromides and chlorides, which has stricken them permanently from its visitings."

The third question, also condensed, is this: "Do you think that men like Byron, Burns, Poe and others, drank because their efforts of the brain left them nervously exhausted and hence more open to temptation?" . . . Men like Byron, Burns and Poe, I should say, did their best work in spite of drink, not because of it. If it had not been for previous excesses, their efforts of the brain would not have left them injuriously exhausted. There is a certain kind of mental fatigue which is as wholesome as the effect of prudent calisthenics.

Finally comes the fourth question: "Is it your opinion that drinking among literary men is increasing?" . . . If journalists are to be included among literary men, I should say that the Evil One, horns, hoofs and tail, still holds among the man unabated rule. If reference, however, is made to the novelists, poets, historians, essayists, I should unhesitatingly reply that among these drinking is on the wane. Nowadays the real artist in letters cannot afford to becloud his faculties. Competition is too ardent, and for every one struggler who fails there are surely ten others, quite as capable, to take his place.

CURRENT COMMENT.

As the weeks pass it becomes more and more evident that Congress is going to attend to nothing but the tariff during the extra session in which it is convened. There have been hopes that if it dodged currency reform the House would at least consider the bankruptcy bill which the Senate has passed; for a general bankruptcy act of some kind has been made specially desired by the uncertainty caused by the business stagnation that has endured since the panic of '93. Objection to such consideration is made by many members and for different reasons, one of which is that Judge Lowell of Massachusetts, the one man Congressmen have for years depended upon to tell them what they did not know about bankruptcy laws, died a few days ago. A more general reason, however, is that the Representatives may have an easy time and several "days off" per week so long as the Senate has the Tariff bill in hand, and the weather at the national capital will soon be so hot that no man will work except under compulsion. Unless, therefore, severe provocation comes from some source at present unsuspected, Congress will neither help nor hinder business during the present session except through the Tariff bill.

Even the breezy time over Sandwich Island affairs, which some patriotic souls have been longing for and others fearing, is likely to be postponed. The reason of the anticipated squabble was a supposed desire of Japan to possess herself of the islands, but the Marquis Ito, a Japanese statesman of high character, has just reached this continent, on his way to Queen Victoria's jubilee, and told representatives of the press that Japan would not accept the islands as a gift. Such a statement, from such a source, must take a lot of wind out of the annexationists' sails and thus spare Congress and the country the infliction of much wind of the verbal kind.

When underpaid workmen of any trade go on strike the sympathy of the people is likely to be with them; for the strike is generally against employers said to be close-fisted and unfair. The strike of the manufacturers' tailors of New York, however—tailors who make about half of the ready-made clothing sold in the Union—seems to be against the people who buy the clothes, and as the number of workmen "out" is larger than New York has ever known during a strike of a single trade, the subject demands general attention. Every buyer knows that ready-made clothing of average quality is cheaper now than it has ever been; and dealers know that the competition is fiercer than ever before, so the prices of the goods and the labor are being forced downward to the lowest possible figure, and the tailors say that they simply must have better pay if they and their families are to live. What are the peo-

ple going to do about it? Buy less clothing or pay higher prices? Neither, if they can help it, unless a general change of heart is impending. Consumers are no more willing than employers and manufacturers to endure a raise of prices, nor will they ever be until human nature changes radically. Whatever may be the outcome of the strike, it is a good thing morally for everybody to be brought face to face with the question and be forced to admit general responsibility for the strike itself.

One of our contemporaries, the New York "Sun," has the courage to suggest that "the way to help the tailors without sacrificing any interest of the public will be to combine the clothing manufacturing capital into a trust, or into one harmonious body, whose combined capital shall work with the economy incident to harmony and consolidation. If that should be done, the history of other trusts tells us that the price of clothing would not go up, but would constantly tend to decline, and would bring suits within the reach of a far greater number of people than buy them now. And at the same time there would be more tailors than there are strikers to-day, and in receipt of steadier and higher wages." The howl of denial which this statement will elicit can be easily imagined than described, but the fact remains that the so-called trusts, even the meanest of them and those of whom the meanest things have been said, have reduced prices without reducing wages and have increased rather than lessened the number of workmen. Of course it is outrageous that good should come of such an execrated evil as the trust, but facts and figures are even more remorseless than the worst trust ever discovered or imagined.

A sugar broker has recently been sent to prison for declining to answer some questions asked by members of a Congressional committee. His defense was that his relations with his customers were confidential—quite as much so as those of a lawyer with his client—but this defense was overruled; a lawyer in similar position, no matter if protecting an arrant rogue and himself a rogue quite as bad, would be spared by the quibble that a lawyer is an "officer of the court" and therefore privileged to keep the worst secrets of the worst men. If Congress continues to exercise its right to question any one about any of his private affairs—a right that comes only of might, and is not supported by any principle of equity, business agents of all classes, from the greatest brokers to the most modest commission peddlers of collar-buttons and shoestrings, will have to do business under the names of lawyers if they would keep their confidential business terms and transactions to themselves. While the trust bugaboo is scaring the country and helping demagogues in office to neglect the people's actual interests, even the collar-button and shoestring trade is not too small to be suspected of being under trust domination.

THE UPPER HOUSE.

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

At the time of the establishment of our national legislative body it was the intention of its founders to guard jealously the rights of the States as well as the rights of the people. To that end each commonwealth was granted an equal voice in the Senate, and at the same time that branch of Congress was organized in such fashion as seemed to insure its being always a body of experienced and level-headed men, such a body as would naturally be a check on hasty legislation originating in the Lower House. In a sense the expectations of our Constitution-makers have been fulfilled, but there have also come about some other things which they could not foresee.

There can be no question that there should be two Houses of Congress. The adoption of a double legislative body in the several States is a sufficient indorsement of the wisdom of such a division; but the present method of forming it would seem now to be of somewhat doubtful wisdom. In the first place, the Legislatures of the several States must every second and sixth year, two sessions out of three in many cases, spend a great deal of their time, occasionally the greater part of it, in deciding upon a suitable man to represent the State at Washington. If this were necessary, it need not be a matter of complaint to the individual commonwealth, but it is beginning to be felt that such an arrangement is needlessly cumbrous and expensive.

So far the history of the United States has seemed to demonstrate that our greatest danger is in sectionalism. In a country of such marvelous diversity of resources it can never be that the interests of one section shall be identical with those of another. This menace to our national prosperity, to our unity as a people, has been patent to the thoughtful observer from the time when the constitutional convention assembled in Philadelphia to make us a nation. In a sense the sectional feeling itself is responsible for the method of organization of the Senate. At that time public opinion and public feeling in the States was in such a chaotic condition as to make some concession to the jealousies of the different commonwealths a necessity.

It is never to be concluded that, because the fathers did so, we should continue in the same course. The wisdom of yesterday may become folly in the changed conditions of to-day. As it is constituted the Senate can legislate for the good of the whole country little more than can the House. Its members are dependent upon the favor of the people of their own States for their retention in office, and they are forced to feel that they are serving rather their State than their country. Even with a full six years' term before him the Senator can but feel that he must sacrifice the interests of his country to the interests of his State, whenever the two are in conflict with each other, as they must be at times.

Our system of government is such that the individual commonwealth is left to manage the affairs of its own concern without interference from the federal power. The county looks after its own interests without hindrance from the State, and the municipality is not compelled to consult the county before putting into execution the ordinances that concern its citizens alone. It would be difficult to estimate how much this division of the governing power does for the stability of our institutions.

On the other hand, in those things which belong
(Continued on page 22.)

PARIS IN TEARS.

THE other day I went to pay a visit in one of those imperial avenues which slant off like the sticks of a fan from three sides of the *Arc de Triomphe*, the *Champs Elysées* making, as it were, the fan's handle. I afterward had myself driven round the lake in the *Bois de Boulogne*, and ruminated to the effect that although this famous domain is not half so beautiful as our own Central Park, it still had the advantage, just then, of being far greener and more vernal. The day, too, was fair and gracious, islanded, as one might say, amid others, either frowful or lachrymose, which had preceded and were destined to follow it. For thus far Paris has had a forlorn spring. Moods of unseasonable heat have turned all her chestnut-trees into one white blaze of bloom, and then great showers have poured, chill and strenuous, from leaden skies. But on this Fourth of May—this unforgettable and beautiful afternoon—every promise was given that the old, delicious, traditional weather would permanently return. And as my *fiacre* bowled me homeward along the most magnificent street in the whole world, I happened to glance at a high, massive volume of bluish smoke, which seemed as if it were rising somewhere beyond hidden bends of the Seine. I think that the hour must have been about five o'clock. I scarcely gave the smoke-burst a thought, so many other glimpses claimed my heed. Two Indians, evidently of high rank, had just passed me in an open carriage, with their white turbans and their clear-cut olive faces. The pale, stately, even-roofed rows of buildings on either side, with their lofty portals and filigreed balconies, were a delight to gaze upon, half veiled by the downy emerald of tall, fresh-burgeoned trees. Yonder pranced a black French poodle with a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley clasped firmly in his ebony jaws. Nurses in their frilled caps, with broad pendent ribbons that almost swept the ground, were strolling among volatile childish groups. The sun struck merry glitters from big metal buttons of coachmen and footmen, on the boxes of victorias where languid ladies leaned, not seldom with a dark-bearded Gallic face near by, or one whose wax-tipped mustaches gleamed more Gallic still.

And all this time a heartbreaking tragedy was being enacted quite close to me. The most attractive, brilliant, cultured women of Paris were being brutally burned to crisps, below that smiling sky and those huge, pearly, flocculent clouds. The fact of these victims being chiefly women is in itself pathetic enough; but that they were women of the intensest refinement, matrons (young or old) eminent in the selectest salons of the Faubourg St. Germain cliques, girls of tender years and not seldom of marked beauty, made the ghastly holocaust ghastlier still. Before twilight had set in, those who pushed their way toward the Rue

Jean-Goujon witnessed the most unspeakable things! You saw charred stumps, black as jet, carried, one after another, by the white-faced *gendarmes* to an improvised hospital at the west end of the immense *Palais de l'Industrie*. Friends and relatives were darting hither and thither with unearthly cries. Most of the bodies were so frightfully burned that it took hours to recognize them, and then merely some trinket, some fragment of corset or *ceinture*, some scorched jewel on what was once neck, finger or arm, some ear-ring clinging to a carbonized ear, or (worse still!) some hideously blackened face whose features stared at beholders as if from the mouth of hell, would serve as identifying tests. Things that had once been gloved hands and stockinged legs, but that now were like lumps and bars of charcoal, were borne into this improvised *morgue*. The poor Duchesse D'Alençon could hardly have been told from a chance Vesuvian cinder. As you have doubtless already heard, her dentist could alone make sure that it was she by examining the fillings in her unravaged teeth. All the bodies, when brought forth, were shriveled to half their former size. Fire is the cruellest of all anarchists; it spares nothing, when once given hottest headway. And some of these women were not only the loveliest and most patrician in Paris, but the most charitable as well. Of course the conflagration had nearly ceased by the time these corpses were taken from the ruins; but those who actually beheld it certain sights will forever haunt. Flaming forms would rush forward upon the expanse outside, only to fall, stricken by the furious heat; and here, like veritable human fagots, they burned on and on, at first writhing in untold agonies, but afterward taking upon themselves the passivity of embers. It was a fire of such acute speed that its destructions are almost unparalleled in the history of like disaster. This Charity Bazaar, in which it occurred, was a mere mass of inflammable boarding, covered over with tapestries and ornamented with glowing and luxurious booths. The fire authorities of Paris should never have permitted its erection. They were grossly culpable in having done so, and punishment of stringent sort will no doubt be visited upon them. But for years they have been, as everybody now admits, a most incompetent lot. This, however, I am told, is explainable by the infrequency of important fires in Paris. They build their houses, over here, it is said, of far less combustible material than many of those constructed in New York. That may be quite true, but the dangerous death-trap of the Rue Jean-Goujon should, nevertheless, not have passed muster. In all respects its existence has proved a dire disgrace to this exceptionally progressive town, the flower of a civilization and intelligence so self-vauntingly advanced. . . . And now, for days the funerals have been incessant—those spectacular Paris funerals, which make so pompous a parade of death. The *Madeleine*, and all the other principal churches, have been

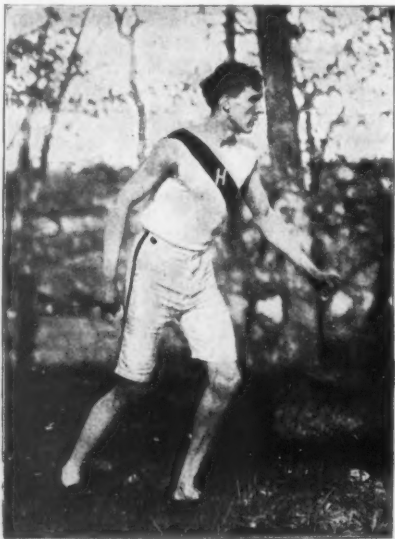
crowded with wan and weeping mourners. Hearses (those theatrical hearses of this always theatrical metropolis) have moved constantly toward *Père-la-Chaise* and other less noted cemeteries. Crowds on the sidewalks have been uncovering their heads with incessant mournful diligence, as the various *cortèges* have crept solemnly by. There is something both picturesque and admirable in that French custom of lifting one's hat as Death draws near. I like it better than I like the *tricornes* official hats of the coachmen, and the ponderosity of the funeral carriages, with all their heavy cloth trappings, fringes and braids. But then Paris will always have her way. If she sometimes makes too jocund a jest of life, she shows a kind of repentant obsequiousness in celebrating and commemorating its joyless, mystic end! "Well, good-by to you," those deferential attitudes often express to me. "You are going away from all our boulevards and *cafés* and theaters—from all our adorable *joie de vivre*! Good-by, and good luck! Wherever you may be going, my poor friend, we are sure that you cannot find any place quite so delectable as this!"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

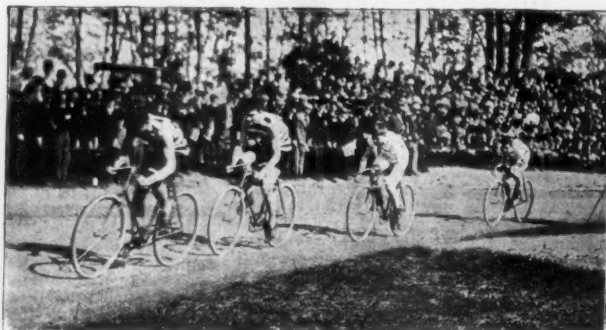
Paris, May 9.

'Tis a rare week in which the United States is not the scene of some occurrence that would not be possible in any other civilized country. Most of these peculiar occurrences are to our credit; others are merely odd. Of the latter class was the stopping of a funeral procession a few days ago by a Florida alligator, which dashed from the bank of a ford over which the procession was passing and attacked the horses of the hearse. The horses escaped, upon which the big reptile dashed at the horses of one of the carriages, and the crossing was obstructed until one of the mourners went off for a rifle, returned and shot the alligator.

Another recent American incident which probably cannot be matched elsewhere is a contest that has been going on for a year over a petrified man said to have been found in Minnesota. Despite the exposure of the "Cardiff Giant" fraud a few years ago, a petrified man is worth a lot of money for dime museum, circus side-show and other exhibition purposes, so the Minnesota figure has already had about a dozen claimants, most of whom based their demands on relationship to the supposed original. The struggle became so fierce and complicated that a sheriff took possession of the stone man and quietly hauled him to the county jail. The original discoverer of the petrification would seem to have at least a fighting chance of gaining possession, but he seems to have thought he saw a ghost, for he has disappeared, his wife recently became the newest claimant and there the case rested, according to latest reports, the sheriff being in actual possession yet prohibited by law from starting an exhibition, for money, within the prison inclosure. The sympathies of the general show business are undoubtedly with the sheriff.



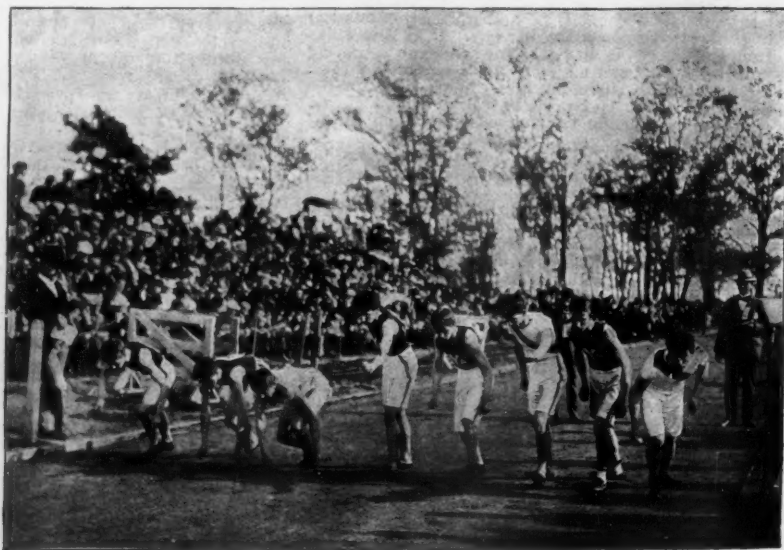
HOLLISTER WINNER OF 1/4 AND 1/2 MILE



TWO MILE BICYCLE. FIRST HEAT



HOLLISTER WINNING THE 1/2 MILE RACE



START OF THE ONE MILE RACE

THE YALE-HARVARD ATHLETIC CONTEST AT NEW HAVEN, CONN., MAY 15.



ANGLING.

Pears'

Oh! the luxury of it. Nothing else makes the skin so soft and beautiful. To wash or bathe with Pears' Soap is the acme of comfort and cleanliness. But—be sure you get Pears'.

Economical—wears to the thinness of a wafer. Avoid substitutes.

Pears' (the original) Shaving Stick is unrivalled.

Sold everywhere—Used everywhere

THE UPPER HOUSE.

(Continued from page 19)

clearly to the general government there should be no interference on the part of the State. Within the sphere of its power the nation can of right expect that the interests of any of its separate members be sacrificed to the interests of the larger whole.

In the provision which insures a change of no more than a third of the Senate's membership in the course of two years there is recognized the need of having our lawmakers, or at least a portion of them, experienced men. It must have been recognized in a degree that the functions of government can be but imperfectly performed when there are frequent changes in those upon whose will the policy of the State is dependent. For the carrying out of any national policy long years are necessary, and it needs must be that a government having an unstable tenure of office can only plan, not accomplish. In our home affairs this is not so dangerous as in our foreign relations, and perhaps it is for this reason that the House does not join with the Senate in ratifying treaties.

In comparison with European powers the United States does not need to concern herself greatly with foreign affairs. Washington's advice to keep free from foreign alliances holds good for the present as it did for his time; but yet we have taken such a place in the great family of nations as requires some attention to our relations with the rest of them. Those relations must, of course, be largely dependent upon the Chief Executive, but the Senate can influence his policy largely, and were it more permanent in its membership it could do so in an even greater degree. We have no schemes of foreign conquest or aggrandizement to pursue watchfully through long years of wavering diplomacy, but yet we do need to maintain a definite foreign policy, one that shall not be changed at any moment, when a group of islands in the Pacific, a canal in the Americas, or a seal catch in Behring Sea, brings our interests into conflict with the interests of other powers. How impossible that is at present need not be said.

Probably no branch of the public service has, from the beginning of our life as a nation, been so efficient or commanded the respect of the people in so great a degree as the federal judiciary. The decisions of the Supreme Court are not always satisfactory, they are not always free from partisan bias, but they are as much so as the decisions of any body of men could be expected to be. As the Supreme Court is organized, partisanship of necessity has some share in the appointment of the chief justices, but when they have taken the oath of office they are forever free to make their official acts the expression of their individual judgments, uninfluenced by any consideration other than that of the public good. Given a life tenure of office, they are not concerned with the rise or fall of any party, save as from abiding conviction they are believers or disbelievers in its principles.

The system that has worked so well in the chief judicial body of the nation might well, in a modified form, prove practical and effective in application to the higher of our two legislative bodies. As long as the members of the House are elected by the popular vote in their several States there need be no fear that the interests of the different sections of the country will not be sufficiently cared for.

It is at once apparent, of course, that we could not have the Senators appointed by the President as the judges of the Supreme Court are appointed. They must come from the people, they must in some fashion represent the popular will, and they must feel that in a measure they have the support of popular favor. It

must be admitted that the quadrennial throes of a Presidential election are a sufficient, and a sufficient frequent, disturbance of the business and social world, without adding to them. Elections to fill vacancies in a body whose members hold office until death or old age would necessarily be of very irregular occurrence and practically out of the question. Election by the House might do but that it would be in every case a partisan struggle of the fiercest kind and one of which the duration could not be foretold.

For membership in the Upper House there can be no question that the most important qualifications, aside from natural capacity, are experience in legislative affairs and popular support. Such experience can come only from service in the Lower House, and for this service popular approval is the first requisite. A Representative's return to the House for a number of terms is a sufficient indorsement of him by the people, and it practically insures his acquiring so much experience as a more extended and important service in the Senate would demand.

Now it would be an easy matter to settle the question of who should succeed to the place of a deceased Senator, if his successor were to be taken from the House, it being provided that he who is chosen should be the member who has served longest in that body. There would be but little possibility of trouble arising from such an arrangement, and it would seem that the public service would be a gainer thereby. Presumably the House of Representatives itself would be the body to declare formally the choice for the Senatorship, but it would be simply a matter of fact, upon which they would have to decide; there could scarcely be extended controversy. With this arrangement the membership of the Senate could be restricted to so small a number as might seem best for the easy transaction of business.

Such a body of men, working together through a long series of years, each one retaining his official position until incapacitated by death or old age, would inevitably command the respect and confidence of the people in greater degree than does our present Senate. It could be depended upon to carry out any policy initiated with some degree of uniformity and consistency. Political changes would not affect the entire business of the country in so disastrous a fashion as at present. There would be less doubt and anxiety at every Presidential election. There would be more confidence in the stability of our laws, more faith in the wisdom of their enactment, and more reliance upon the power by which they are brought into being and enforced.

A TRAGEDY.

BY A SON OF THE SOIL.

THERE were three of us in the churchyard—Nicodemus, Matthew, and myself. It was evening, and the spent sunlight was fading along the uplands and gone altogether from the meadows in the valley. Nicodemus had spent the entire afternoon in digging a grave for old Nanny, who died yesterday, and is to be buried day after to-morrow. Matthew had strolled over from his cottage door to watch him give the finishing touches to it. I had joined them out of sheer idleness, having nothing better to do. The three of us now sat on the tomb which forms a sort of table over the ashes of some gentleman long since dead—so long, indeed, that his name and titles, if he had any, have disappeared from the stone. Nicodemus, smelling the tobacco which Matthew and I smoked in peace, produced his own pipe and lighted it. The smoke coming freely, he nodded toward the newly made grave.

"The six-and-sixtieth," said Nicodemus. "Which is to say, the sixty-sixth. During my incumbency, as you may term it. Clerk and sexton of this parish have I been for two-and-twenty years come Trinity, and this is the sixty-sixth grave that I have dug."

"'Tis a fair slice of death work," said Matthew. "Six-and-sixty deaths in so short a space as two-and-twenty years. Truly, as the good Book says, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' Two-and-twenty into six-and-sixty is—let's see—yes, is three. Three solemn reminders, per annum, as you may say, that all flesh is grass."

"They've all got to come to me," said Nicodemus, musingly. "Every one of 'em—man, woman, and child. It doesn't matter how rich they are, or how poor—they've got to come in the end. Six feet by three is all they get—sometimes less, but not often more. And none of 'em carries anything away with 'em."

"No," said Matthew. "That's certain. Naked came they into the world, and naked go they out."

"Ay, even old Niddy, with all his gold pieces," said Nicodemus.

"Ah," said Matthew. "Though he, in a way of speaking, took 'em up to the very gates, eh? Carried 'em as far as is possible, you might say."

"He did. A curious story was that," said Nicodemus, glancing at me. "A sort of story-writer's story, similar to the romancing pieces they print in books. But, nevertheless, true."

After I had hinted that I should like to hear that story, Matthew remarked that there was a chilly wind coming round the chancel corner, and Nicodemus said that sitting on tombstones gave him a rheumatic pain in the small of the back. We, therefore, went over the stile to the "Three Kings," and sat down against the fire in the kitchen. There was nobody there but Benjamin Tripp, the landlord, and after he had filled our mugs, he leaned against the door-post, smoking his churchwarden, and listening. "That old Niddy, now,"

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Compositing, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SURPASSES ALL REMEDIES.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement. Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations.

Write for a free trial bottle and full particulars. You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

We Offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. 67 EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

said Nicodemus, thoughtfully: "I can just call him to mind, and that's all, for 'tis a good five-and-forty year since it happened to him, and I was then a lad of maybe twelve year old."

"Six-and-forty year come St. Martin," said Benjamin Tripp. "I remember it as if 'twere yesterday, seeing as I were married the week before."

"I daresay you're right," said Nicodemus. "Things have escaped me a good deal of late, on account of having so many things to keep in mind—burials and christenings and weddings and such like."

"This being a rare parish for marrying and giving in marriage, and likewise for the bringing into the world of babies and sucklings, as the saying is," said Matthew.

"But about old Niddy," continued Nicodemus, "which was a case of burying by his own act, and therefore remarkable—he lived, did old Niddy, at the Lone Ash Farm, and there was neither kith nor kin to look after him, and his one idea was to get money and keep it. All his life he was the biggest old skinflint that ever lived in this parish, which contains a multitudinous variety of human characters."

"All sorts and conditions of men, as the Prayer-Book has it," interrupted Matthew.

"They did say," resumed Nicodemus, thoughtfully, "that the old chap never bought but one good coat in his life, and that he used to get his hats off the scarecrows in the 'taty fields. However that might be—"

"Gospel truth was that there," said Benjamin Tripp.

"Well, I was going to say, whether it was or it wasn't, old Niddy was particularly near in all his dealings, and looked to every penny as if it had been a golden pound. Used to rake the ashes off the kitchen fire after everybody had gone to bed, and count the candle ends to see that the lasses weren't extravagant with them. I've heard it said that he'd spend hours bargaining over a sixpence—"

"Threepence," said Benjamin.

"And, of course—sixpence or threepence—this course of life caused him to get together a deal of money, and he became a rich man for these parts, and had gold and silver in much abundance. But then he was always afraid of thieves."

"Ay," said Matthew, "of course he would be. A deal of uneasiness we miss, neighbors, in being poor and lowly. For what is riches but summat that the moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through to steal, as the good Book says?"

"Old Niddy didn't intend thieves to break through, at any rate," said Nicodemus. "I've heard it said that yond Lone Ash Farm had more bolts and bars about it than all the rest of the houses in the parish put together. He used to go round it every night as soon as it got dark and fasten everything with his own hands. When that was done he used to lock himself into the little parlour—"

"Ay," said Matthew, interrupting Nicodemus, with an evident desire to roll some titbit of the story off his own tongue. "Ay! and for what? For the carnal delight of counting his gold! Used to pile up the golden sovereigns in fives, and tens, and twenties, and fifties, and hundreds! And they did say that the well, the old gentleman—used to come to him and tell him how to get more gold."

"I know one thing," said Benjamin Tripp, after the silence which followed Matthew's terrible suggestion, "that there room is haunted. If you go up there on a windy night and listen at the window, you can hear old Niddy counting his gold—clink, clink, clink, it goes."

"Ay," said Nicodemus, "I've heard say so, neighbor. There's curious things, of course, in life, and death, though I don't hold with ghosts in general. However, I was about to tell our young friend here that old Niddy got very uneasy about his money, and cast about for a safe keeping-place for it. He wouldn't have aught to do with banks, because Timothy Green had put his savings in one that broke, and these safes that rich folk use nowadays to keep their money in were not in such general use then. They say that he used to hide heaps of money about the house, in holes and corners and under the floors, but at last he hit on a curious hiding-place for it, as is now well known to all people that herabouts do dwell."

"To be an example unto all," said Matthew, "that they might profit thereby, and guard themselves against greed and cupidity and the love of money."

My Mamma says:

THE CLINTON SAFETY PIN

Has so many good points. I can only find one, and that don't ever hurt me.

THE CLINTON

has the largest sale of any Safety Pin in the world, because of its surpassing excellence. FREE! To convince you, we will send for stamp samples of the

CLINTON

also our SOVERAIN pin and a pretty colored booklet for the children.

THE OAKVILLE CO., Waterbury, Conn.



VACATION DAYS.
In the Lake Regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago & Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days" giving a description of the principal resorts, and a list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, to Geo. H. Heaford, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

which is the root of all evil, as the good Book truly says."

"You see," continued Nicodemus, who took advantage of Matthew's interruptions to dip his nose into his pint mug, "old Neddy had looked about the parish for a likely hiding-place, and he found one in the churchyard. How he found it is more than anybody knows."

"I know," said Benjamin Tripp. "He was led to it."

"Neighbor Tripp," said Nicodemus, "means that the Evil One pointed it out to him."

"Cert'n'y," said Benjamin.

"Well, maybe he did. However, old Neddy must have been spying round the churchyard, and he found a hole behind a bed of nettles—the place was kept in poor order then, being considerably before my time—and he discovered that that hole led to an old vault under the chancel. Now, he reckoned, being a sharp hand at thinking, that nobody would look for money in a vault, even if they knew the vault was there—"

"Which, in this case, they didn't," said Matthew.

"And so he carried his money there—golden pounds and silver crowns—"

"All tied up in little bags," said Benjamin Tripp, "same as farmers use to carry their samples of grain in to market."

"And he piled 'em up on top of old Squire Topham's coffin, and no doubt thought they were as safe as if they'd been in the Bank of England."

"Safer—much safer," murmured Matthew.

"Well," resumed Nicodemus, "and so they were; but one night when old Neddy had crept into the vault to look at 'em, or happen to add to his store, the earth and the stones fell in, and he was buried alive."

"A judgment," said Matthew.

"He must have heard the stones about to fall, though," continued Nicodemus, "for they found him in this way. Nobody could make out what had got him, but one day old Mrs. Hoppe was poking about that bed of nettles, and she saw a human hand sticking out of the rubbish against the chancel wall. So they dug and delved, and there was old Neddy and his gold on the Squire's coffin. And I think that's all, though, of course, as parson says, there's a moral in the story."

"Ah, indeed," said Matthew, "and a very improving one, for he truly carried his gold to the very gates of death, as the saying goes, but not a penny beyond 'em!"

THE GREEK ROYAL FAMILY.

When the present King George I. of Greece came to the throne in December, 1863, he had no easy task before him. Of his immediate predecessors, Otho of Bavaria, whom he had come to succeed, had just been ejected by the violence of revolution. Otho's predecessor, Capodistrias, who in 1828 had been elected president for seven years, was assassinated in 1831. Otho's reign began in 1832; he adopted the Greek national costume, and kept up a splendid and luxurious Court. This did not appeal to the democratic notions of the Greeks, so he was deposed. The Crown then went a-begging at every Court in Europe, but was offered in the first instance to Prince Alfred of England, now Duke of Coburg. A treaty was in existence by which England, Russia, and France had bound themselves not to accept the Crown of Greece.

Lord Beaconsfield was Premier of England and is said to have offered the Crown to the then Earl of Derby, who declined, which drew from Beaconsfield the remark "The Stanleys are not an imaginative race."

The young Danish prince, who had left his quiet Northern home in Copenhagen, lived in the utmost simplicity, walked about Athens in a plain undress uniform carrying a walking-stick, went into the city conveyances like any other mute inglorious citizen, and, when he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his peaceful and prosperous reign, and the marriage of his son with the sister of the German Emperor, he welcomed at Athens representatives of all the Courts in Europe.

The Crown Prince Constantine, who is also known as the Duke of Sparta, and in Greece as the Diadochus (successor), is more of a student than a soldier, and until the present trouble with Turkey and his failure as a commander was immensely popular with the Greeks.

Prince George, the next brother, is a sailor who rejoices in the exploit of having shattered three Athenian ballrooms in one season, of having saved the Czar's life from a Japanese assassin, and of being devoted to torpedo practice which might be extremely valuable, but there is no opportunity given him to blow up the Turkish fleet.

Prince Nicholas is attached to the artillery, and has been at the front with his

battery, but he is like his eldest brother, of a refined and artistic temperament.

The marriage of the Crown Prince with the Princess Sophia has been a great disappointment to the Greeks, although at the time it seemed to guarantee the future of Greece. Her change of religion from Lutheran to the Greek Church began the breach with Germany which the financial crisis has widened. It was partly due to Queen Olga, whose devotion to the orthodox church is well known.

It seems incredible to American eyes that three great Christian powers—Germany and Austria with half a million soldiers each, and Russia with a million fighting men in barracks—are so deeply hostile to the Greek cause. The reason is not far to seek. Emperor William's jealousy, Austria's policy, and Russia's secret desire to annex Eastern Europe quietly are the mainsprings of hostility. Add to this the monetary influence of the British and Continental holders of Turkish bonds, and the isolation of Greece may be explained.

GAMBLING IN BENGAL.

The suppression of the Umballa Lottery was supposed to put a climax on native gambling. But recent revelations prove the contrary. The Legislative Council of Bengal are now considering a bill for the suppression of rain-gambling, which was introduced into Calcutta many years ago by the Marwaris, who are much addicted to wagering; the practice has now extended to other races. At three houses in Calcutta there are men who record bets for others on the occurrence of rain. The proprietors of the houses offer odds against rain; the public backing the rain. The odds vary with the state of the weather from 2 to 1 to 50 to 1; those who back the rain win when the fall causes an overflow from a small tank. So systematic has the practice become that a Guide to it was published last year. The streets in which the houses are situated are frequently crowded from morning till after midnight, and stalls for registering the bets are kept in the streets. A Mohammedan association reports that many Mohammedan ladies are being drawn into gambling by female brokers secretly employed by the owners of the gambling houses.

The Marwaris and their clients have petitioned against the bill on the ground that if rain-gambling is suppressed some other mode of gambling will take its place, such as the Bombay system of betting on the number of bales of cotton sold daily on the London market.

FRENCH SALON OF 1897.

The annual exhibition of paintings in Paris which is analogous to the annual display of British Art at Burlington House, Piccadilly, brings together a vast concourse of lovers of the fine arts. The present Salon in Paris is the last which will be sheltered in the iron palace of the Champs Elysées, aptly called the Palace of Industry, even by those who are not wanting in due respect for the fine arts. During the past forty years the industry of painters and decorators regularly held there its assizes. Great artists have honored it by their presence, but it could never be considered as exclusively the sanctuary of modern art; many masterpieces of contemporary paintings have passed aside, either disdainfully or because they were refused admittance. The beginning of the Salon in the Champs Elysées was exceptionally brilliant.

The Universal Exposition of 1855, which inaugurated the palace, showed thirty-five canvases of Eugene Delacroix, several pictures by Ingres, Delcamp and Rousseau. It was a grand beginning. The following years did not keep up the tradition. Some Salons were rich in works of art, while others were but sparsely represented.

Among notable paintings this year are "Night" and "The Temptation of St. Anthony," by M. Fantin Latour; "Judith," by M. Thirion; "Moonrise in Winter," by M. Adrien Demont; "A Breton Legend," by M. Bourgain; "The Divine Apprentice," by Madame Demont-Breton; "St. Bonaventure and the Cardinalate Purple," by M. Dawant; "The Pavement of the Holy Sepulcher, Jerusalem," by M. Ralli; "The Convoy of Prisoners to Siberia," by M. Julius Price; "The Temple of Karnak" (Egypt), by M. Clairin; "In the Forest of Herta, Roumania," by M. Garguromin-Verona; "The Squadron in the Roads of Toulon," by M. Rudaux; "A Return from a Fete, Algiers," by M. Bridgmann. "The Last Carabiniers," by M. Rouffet, represents an event in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. The picture by M. Brouillet, entitled "Reception of the Emperor and Empress of Russia by the French Academy," refers to the recent visit of the Czar and Czarina, who are represented seated amid forty of the "Immortals." A good portrait of the late Duc d'Aumale in the midst of a

NO-TO
BAC

STOP NATURALLY!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SWEAR OFF.

NO-TO-BAC

Eradicates the nicotine, restores your nerve power and manly vigor, and makes it EASY TO QUIT. You are wasting your life-force in using tobacco. Many enjoyments you are now missing will come back to you when you quit tobacco and take

No-To-Bac

It makes WEAK MEN strong. There's absolutely no excuse for your not being cured of the tobacco habit if you want to be, for No-To-Bac is sold by all druggists under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. If you want to buy No-To-Bac before you buy, write us, and we'll gladly send you our booklet and a sample free.

STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO; MONTREAL, CAN.; NEW YORK. 228

landscape is from the brush of M. Benjamin Constant. "The Funeral of Pasteur," by M. Ed. Detaille, is the most celebrated of the military pictures and represents the soldiers marching before the catafalque, with the flag at their head, in presence of the President of the Republic and other distinguished persons whose features are rendered with extraordinary fidelity.

The Salon of sculpture is very interesting. "The Childhood of Bacchus," by M. A. Mercie, and the "Group of Inoculation" for the Pasteur monument, from the chisel of Cordonnier, are very fine; and Gerome's equestrian statue of "Bonaparte entering Cairo" is a splendid work. A group for the monument of Leconte de Lisle, by Puech, is well worthy of note.

The Salon of the Champ-de-Mars, Paris, is particularly strong in its display this year. The Salon, also known by the name of the National Society of Fine Arts, is a decided rival of the older institutions. M. James Tissot exhibits an enormous canvas which represents the "Reception at Jerusalem of the Apostolic Legate of the Holy See, Cardinal Langenieux." It is an elaborate work, and a marvelous picture of Oriental manners. Another vast composition is a "Distribution of Prizes at the Palais de L'Industrie," by M. Gervex. Among decorative paintings may be mentioned a "View of the Roads, Marseilles," by M. Montenard. Historical painting is represented by M. Weerts in a Revolutionary scene called "The Night of the 9th to 10th, Thermidor," at which meeting the fate of Robespierre and his friends was decided.

M. RALLI.

King George of Greece insisting on the resignation of M. Delyannis, a new Ministry with M. Ralli at its head has been formed. We give a portrait of the new Prime Minister. Peace will be his goal, but at the time of writing unhappily no great step in that direction can be reported except the peace of a crushing defeat. M. Ralli is but forty-five years of age, and has already held office twice—as Minister of Justice under M. Delyannis, and Minister of Marine under M. Tricoupis.

GOING TO THE FRONT.

When the war between Turkey and Greece broke out on the frontier proclamations were read in the streets of Larissa to the effect that any one who pre-

sented himself as a volunteer should receive a rifle, bayonet and ammunition from the Greek authorities. So fierce was the war-spirit among the people that in less than half an hour after the reading of the proclamation the first contingent of a hundred men left the Town Hall, headed by a priest, and marched through the streets of the town to the front, amid the solemn pomp of religious ceremonial and cheered by the multitude with the wildest enthusiasm.

BATTLE OF MATI.

Early on the morning of April 3 the Turks opened their attack on the Greek position at Mati on the plain at the foot of Mount Olympus. The right wing of the Greek army consisted of eight thousand men, under Colonel Mavromichalis, and the left of five thousand men, under Colonel Martrapas. Six batteries of artillery, with thirty-six guns, extended from Mati to the neighboring village of Deliler, and the cavalry brigade mustered five squadrons. The Turkish force numbered nine thousand infantry and three squadrons of cavalry, with twenty-two guns. The artillery duel between the two forces lasted throughout the day, but shortly before sunset the Turkish cavalry broke the Greek lines, and after a hurried council of war, at which the Crown Prince presided, the Greeks fell back toward Turnavo. The Crown Prince and Prince Nicholas were both in the thick of the fight.

FREE TO OUR READERS.

Send your name and address to the Oakville Co., Waterbury, Conn., and mention the COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and you will receive postpaid Samples of the Clinton Safety Pin, their new Sovran Pin, and a funny colored animal booklet for the children. This is a special offer to our readers and will be discontinued as soon as booklets are exhausted.

Hostess (entertaining two lady friends, to herself)—"Oh, dear, I do wish one would go—I have so much to tell either of them about the other!"

YELLOW KID - PINS - BLACK CAT

The Latest Famous Novelty.
To place our great 112 page catalogue of 3000 useful inventions and novelties in your hands, we send you one each "Yellow Kid," beautifully decorated in hard enamel, 5 colors, and "Black Cat," carved set, first colored stone eyes FREE. Send 10c stamps for postage, etc. Suitable for AGENTS WANTED.

Index or cards: 5 for \$10, 15 for \$20, 30 for \$35.
INGERSOLL & BROS., Dept. No. 501, 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

\$1000 Free to You

A Contest of Skill and Education by a Responsible Magazine . . .

We wish to introduce "THE HOME VISITOR" into 20,000 new homes and will spend above amount in doing so. Name the States that the following Nicknames have been given to:

1. THE LONE STAR STATE,	4. THE GOLDEN STATE,	7. THE EMPIRE STATE,
2. THE CREOLE STATE,	5. THE MORMON STATE,	8. THE BUCKEYE STATE,
3. THE OLD BAY STATE,	6. THE KEYSTONE STATE,	9. THE FLOWERY STATE,

Premiums To nearest correct answer \$100; 2d, \$50; 3d, \$25; 4th, \$15; 5th, \$12; 6th, \$10; 7th, \$5; 8th, \$3; 9th, \$2; 10th, \$1. To next 15, \$5 each. To next one hundred answers \$1 each.

Besides every contestant who sends in three or more correct states will receive Free our Ladies' Work Basket Companion Set, containing darning, wool, yarn and carpet instruments, and five doz. steel needles that cannot be purchased for less than 50 cents and which makes a desirable present to any woman. All solutions will be judged according to distance of contestant so as to show no partiality. It will be necessary for each contestant to send 25 cents for 6 months' subscription. No solution will be recorded unless amount is enclosed in same letter. Names of successful contestants will be given in "Home Visitor," and premiums will be fairly awarded. Send your answer now. If you have tried in other contests without reward, you may be successful this time. We refer to any bank in Philadelphia as to our reliability and reputation. Address letter to "Home Visitor" Publishing Co., 1813 N. 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

VILLA MARIA ACADEMY,

139 E. 79th Street, corner Lexington Avenue,
NEW YORK CITY.

This institution, under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation de Notre Dame (Montreal), is a select and limited school for young ladies desirous of pursuing any branch of higher education. A special inducement is here offered to those who would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the French language. Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Type-writing and Stenography taught by Professors holding Testimonials of superior ability from many of the American Clergy. There is also an Elementary Course. A few young lady boarders can be accommodated in the Convent. Reopens September 8. For terms and particulars apply to

THE LADY SUPERIOR.

References required.



Tourist (who has fallen down a precipice): "Ah, well! I shall have a bit of peace at any rate. It will take my wife four hours at the very least to get down here."

MKT
MISSOURI KANSAS & TEXAS RAILROAD CO.

THROUGH SERVICE
BETWEEN
ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY
AND
SEBASTIA, FLORENCE, INDIAN TER.
DALLAS, FORT WORTH, HOUSTON,
GALVESTON, SAN ANTONIO.

THE KATY FLYER
A MODERN LIMITED TRAIN TO
AND FROM ALL THE LARGE CITIES IN
TEXAS.

D. MILLER, Traffic Manager
T. C. PURDY, V. Pres. & Genl. Manager
JAMES BARKER, Genl. Passenger Agent

\$1,000 IN REWARDS!

OVER 500 FIRST PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY!
AND EVERY ONE ENTERING THE CONTEST GETS A VALUABLE PRIZE IN ADDITION.

How many words can you form from the letters contained in the words "GOOD READING"? You can make twenty or more in a short time and if you do you will receive a valuable reward. Do not use any letter more times in any word than it appears in the two words, "GOOD READING." Use English words only, such as go, good, god, dog, read, red, ring, gear, gad, gin, rag, din, do, dear, near, etc. Use these words if you desire. The publishers of "GOOD READING" to popularize their illustrated magazine will make this grand est distribution of valuable prizes, ranging in value from \$100 down. "GOOD READING" is one of the best magazines ever sold for 50c per year. It has 20 pages of original, choice reading matter, consisting of short and continued stories by popular authors, has household, farm, puzzle and children's departments, latest illustrated fashions, etc. To the person sending us the largest list of words before June 1st we will give first choice of these valuable prizes; to second largest list, second choice; third largest, third choice. In addition every competitor will get 12 complete novels. To enter this contest send us 25 cents in money order or stamps with your list of twenty words or more, and we will send "GOOD READING" 6 months to your address, together with the prizes you win. To every person sending us this list of 20 words or more with 25 cents, we will send promptly by mail Twelve Complete Novels by twelve of the most famous authors of America and Europe, such as "Hunter Quartermain's Story," by H. Rider Haggard, "The Stricken Home," by Mrs. D. E. N. Southworth, "Hunted Down," by Charles Dickens, "The Heiress of Arns," by Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne," etc. Present subscribers may compete and have subscriptions extended 6 months. Lists should be sent at once and not later than June 1st. Winners announced in July number. Write plainly. We refer to any bank in Norwalk or Euclid Av. Savings Bank, Cleveland, as to our standing. Address, "GOOD READING," NORWALK, O. Send a letter stamped for sample copies.



Tammany Times

A NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL.

REDUCED

FROM

\$4.00 TO \$1.00

A YEAR, POSTPAID.

Make Converts for the Democratic Party by Circulating

TAMMANY TIMES.

In order to reach the largest number of voters, we have reduced the price of TAMMANY TIMES from \$4 to \$1 a year, making it a popular price and within the reach of the masses. This makes TAMMANY TIMES cheaper than the \$1 magazines which give only 12 issues during the year, whereas we give you 52 numbers for \$1.00.

Send 25c. For sample copy and with photo-engravings and signatures of prominent Democratic statesmen, or history of Tammany Hall.

TAMMANY TIMES CO.,
New York City, U. S. A.

GENTS 14 KARAT GOLD
OR **LADIES SIZE**
\$2.75
\$1.75
\$1.25
\$1.00
\$0.75
\$0.50
\$0.25
\$0.10
\$0.05
\$0.02
\$0.01

CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this beautiful gold finished watch, by express for examination. You examine it at the express office and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price \$2.75 and express charges and it is yours. Its magnificently engraved and equal in appearance to a genuine Solid Gold watch. A guarantee and beautiful gold plate chain and charm sent free with every watch, write today, this may not appear again; mention whether you want gent's or ladies size. **THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,** 224 Dearborn St., Chicago.

YOUNG & OLD TO WORK HOME

Wanted men and women to work for us in their own homes in spare time. **We pay \$10 to \$16 per week.** No canvassing. You will see that any child can do the work. Send address today. We send work at once. **THE VAIL ART CO. DEPT., 509 VAIL, PA.**

LOOK

all for 10 cents. H. SOHNSEN, Room 11, 23 Centre Street, New York City.

A GIFT TO SMOKERS. THE ASTOR SPECIAL CIGAR

is the best 5 cent cigar in the world. Better than most 10 cent cigars. To prove this we will, until further notice, send one box (25 cigars) for \$1.00, charges prepaid. Each box contains five coupons. Five coupons entitles holder to one valuable building lot on Long Island. Five boxes (125 cigars) and five coupons sent at one time prepaid, \$4.50. Try this cigar and you will smoke no other. **MOLLENAUER & CO., 6 Astor House, (Broadway) N. Y. City, N. Y.** Dept. E.

41 lbs. Best Granulated Sugar \$1.00

Shipped to anybody. Send no money, but enclose stamp to consolidated Wholesale S. Co., 315 S. Clinton St., Dept. 17 Chicago.

THE WONDERFUL PROGRESS

OF THE

SINGLE TAX

Is told weekly in the

National Single Taxer

Send 2 cents for Sample copy.

207 Sykes Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS

Cured in 10 to 30 Days. No Pay till Cured. **DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEANING, OKLA.**

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary **BLOOD POISON** permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fares and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodine, potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary **BLOOD POISON**, we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address **COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.**

SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD
THE POPULAR LINE TO
LEADVILLE, GLENWOOD SPRINGS, ASPEN, GRAND JUNCTION, CRIPPLE CREEK, SALT LAKE CITY AND THE PACIFIC COAST.
E. T. JEFFERY, Pres. & Genl. Mgr.
A. S. HUGHES, Traffic Mgr.
S. K. HOOPER, G. & T. A., DENVER.

Acme Toilet Soap

For Absolute Purity it stands unequalled.

Those who use it once will have no other.

Try it. It is sold by Druggists everywhere.

BIG MONEY IN POULTRY
Eggs of 1st PRIZE WINNERS \$1.00 PER SETTING to the readers of this paper only if you order now, of 30 leading varieties. Send 15c for the largest and most complete Poultry Guide ever **JOHN BAUSCHER, Jr.** published. Box 32, Freeport, Ills.

GOLD RINGS FREE!
We will give one half-round Ring, 18k Rolled Gold plate & warranted to anyone who will sell 1 doz. indestructible Lamp Wicks (need no trimming) among friends at 10c. each. Write us and we will mail you the Wicks. You sell them and send us the money and we will mail you the Ring. **STAN CHEMICAL CO., Box 436, Centerbrook, Conn.**

RUBBER goods by mail, largest variety, special price for agents. Sample and catalogue free. **DR. LELAND & CO., SOUTH BEND, IND.**

GET RICH Quickly. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." **Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.**

"Collier's Weekly" Binder.

If you wish to preserve your papers send \$1.00 to "Collier's Weekly" publishing office for a binder which will hold 52 copies of the Weekly.

523 W. 13th St., New York.